



No. 132.—VOL. XI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE LATE MISS VIOLET VARLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I am wondering what Sir Russell Reynolds's fellow-practitioners thought of the closing passage of his address to the Medical Congress. Did they, like the eccentric old gentleman mentioned by Mr. Francis Groome in his "Two Suffolk Friends," who was in the habit of letting young frogs jump down his throat, stroke their stomachs, and murmur, "B-b-b-beautifully cool"? Sir Russell Reynolds exhorted his auditors to set themselves against the "retrograde" movement, which is hostile to religion, reverence, and humour. It is this solicitude for humour that must have appealed with special force to the Medical Congress. We are in great danger, it seems, of losing this precious quality altogether. Quoth Sir Russell Reynolds, "If all shade of profanity, impropriety, or rudeness were eliminated from what now passes current in books, plays, and conversation, we should often find little or no humour left, but only a vapid attempt at seeming cleverness, or, at best, some silly pun." This is a lamentable diagnosis, and I should like to know the remedy which Sir Russell Reynolds prescribes. As the subject was treated before the Medical Congress, there is something, I presume, in the pharmacopoeia suitable to the disease which destroys the spirit of humour, and leaves us grinning at silly puns. Are pills any good? If an inveterate punster—Mr. Burnand, for example—were to call in Sir Russell Reynolds, would that oracle write a prescription to be made up at the chemist's? If Tom Hood's death-bed joke about "urning a livelihood" had been made in Sir Russell Reynolds's presence, would he have been told that it was just this habit of punning he was dying of, and would his medical adviser have made a desperate effort to eradicate the mischief with a mustard-plaster?

It is news to me that "what passes current in books, plays, and conversation" is saturated with profanity, impropriety, or silly puns; and I should like to learn the basis of this sweeping dictum. What are the books and plays which Sir Russell Reynolds, in the intervals of professional labours, finds time to study? Whose conversation drops puns into his protesting ear? I have heard that medical students are somewhat free in anecdote; but that was said of them long before the "retrograde" movement began; and, from the reminiscences of his sober youth, Sir Russell Reynolds might exhume some remarkable gems. In his "Gleams of Memory," Mr. James Payn relates that he went once to a dinner-party, of which everybody was a medico except himself, and that he could not restrain his amazement at what he heard; whereupon an elderly physician remarked that doctors always talked like that to one another. What passed current on this occasion Mr. Payn does not say; but, as Sir Russell Reynolds may have been of the company, perhaps he will enlighten me. Or is it by his patients, who happen to be authors, playwrights, or professional jesters, that he is overwhelmed by this flood of irreverence which he implores the Medical Congress to withstand? If he is in the mood for answering questions, there are others which seem to me rather pertinent. His professional position we know; but in what way does it qualify him as a judge of literature, the drama, and conversation? And what have they to do with a purely scientific address to the Medical Congress?

The Bench has an unfortunate habit of delivering itself on affairs quite extraneous to the business in hand. If I go into a court of law, I am ready to defer to the tribunal in its judicial capacity; but, beyond that, its prejudices are of no more consequence than my own. If I had been a doctor at the Medical Congress, I should have felt inclined to say, "I can listen to Sir Russell Reynolds on subjects which he treats with acknowledged authority; but I do not want him to lecture me on profanity, impropriety, and puns." I have had the honour of knowing doctors whose opinions of literature I esteemed highly; but they did not claim humour as a branch of surgery, in spite of a certain libellous maxim about a surgical operation and the Scotch; nor did they approach their patients or their colleagues with homilies on "retrograde" movements. Sir Russell Reynolds has fallen into a sad confusion of ideas between medicine and missions. He reminds me of the Quaker passenger who, when pirates were trying to board the ship, calmly severed their wrists with an axe, remarking, "Friend, thee hast no business here." Sir Russell Reynolds sees punsters and other dreadful persons assailing the public reverence with "retrograde" jests, and he wants doctors and surgeons to come to the rescue with amputating-knives and stomach-pumps.

A medical censorship of humour does not seem a very promising undertaking. Censorships of any kind are always dubious experiments; but I see we are invited to impose one on the "penny dreadful." An inquirer has lately performed the cheering job of reading all the

publications which are the delight of the errand-boy. He is very indignant with the tales of crime, especially "Sweeney Tod, the Barber of Fleet Street." The legend of Sweeney is not toothsome. He used to murder his customers, who were dropped through a trap into a cellar, whence they were conveyed by an underground passage to the kitchen of a pie-shop. This is almost as gruesome as the story in Dante of the gentleman who was found in the Inferno, eating his own progeny. Certainly it is not more horrible than the exhibition of "Tortures of the Inquisition," to which children, I believe, are admitted half-price. It is very doubtful whether Sweeney Tod's career has tempted any errand-boy into cannibalism; but I can conceive that children, gloating over images of physical agony at half-price, may have an abnormal stimulus to that instinct of cruelty which is rampant in many infant bosoms. But the argument is that the "penny dreadful" is the foster-mother of juvenile depravity, and that stories of murderers and thieves create an appetite for murder and theft. Well, where is the censorship to begin? There is a good deal about murderers—the late Charles Peace, for example—in the newspapers from time to time. Are the police reports to be suppressed? A man who listened in court the other day to a case of throat-cutting, went home and cut his mother's throat. Are the courts to be closed to the public? When these elementary questions are satisfactorily answered, it may be time to consider whether we ought to protect the errand-boy from the fascinations of Sweeney Tod and the Boy Burglar.

What an agreeable experience the censor would have, any way! He would be invited to suppress cheap editions of Harrison Ainsworth's masterpieces, "Jack Sheppard," and "Rookwood," with its glorification of Turpin. I should put in a plea for Turpin, whose famous ride is described by Ainsworth in one of the most gorgeous pieces of bathos in the language. If, with Sir Russell Reynolds's aid, we could inject humour into the errand-boy, he would simply shriek with laughter at Master Dick's achievement, instead of trembling with rapture. And what of "Eugene Aram," and "Paul Clifford"? It is no use saying that the errand-boy does not read them. They are read by other boys, who need protection too. When I was a lad, I devoured all this class of fiction, and that may be the reason why I am gibing wickedly at the excellent Reynolds. You can never tell how the poison will come out. How do you know that "Treasure Island" is not rearing a brood of young pirates, and that Mr. Rider Haggard (who, I am told, is at this moment writing a blood-curdling romance of a Norfolk election) has not inspired many school-boys with a frenzy for slaughter by the exploits of the Zulu chief, whose name I do not accurately recall, though (saving Sir Russell Reynolds's presence) it sounds like Umslopangas? I mention these things simply to suggest the troubles of a censor who would be bullied, on the one hand, for pusillanimous inaction, and, on the other, for arbitrary interference. Besides, if we are to have a censorship at all, why should there be any restriction of its area? Here is Vernon Lee, with a plaint that a certain kind of music is an outrage on the "privacy of the soul." I don't quite know what this privacy is; but it ought to be the censor's business to find out. He might interdict Wagner and Chopin as trespassers. Sensitive playgoers ought not to witness the scurvy trick that Hamlet played upon his uncle. I have had my finest feelings outraged by dramatic studies of character that thrust themselves, so to speak, into my soul's most private apartment, and I should like the censor to tell me whether I am entitled to have the law of them.

The lot of that official would not be enviable; but what man can be envied whose duty it is to exercise a subtle discrimination? I read that some luckless persons in New York have to choose a prize novel out of eleven thousand manuscripts. The horror of the task is intensified by some callous arithmetician, who computes the number of words at sixty-six millions, and pleasantly suggests that, if piled one atop of another, the manuscripts would make a monument three hundred and sixty feet high. Fancy climbing nearly four hundred feet of fiction, or swimming in sixty-six million words! In comparison with such an awful experience, how pitiful seems this cry from the "privacy of the soul," or this medical injunction against "retrograde" movements! Nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the moral tonics of Russell Reynolds, can avail the unhappy wights who have to wade through eleven thousand tales, probably of detectives. What a phantasmagoria will fever their wits in the asylums where, of course, they will spend the miserable remnant of their days, watching visions of Sherlock Holmes and his interminable offspring!

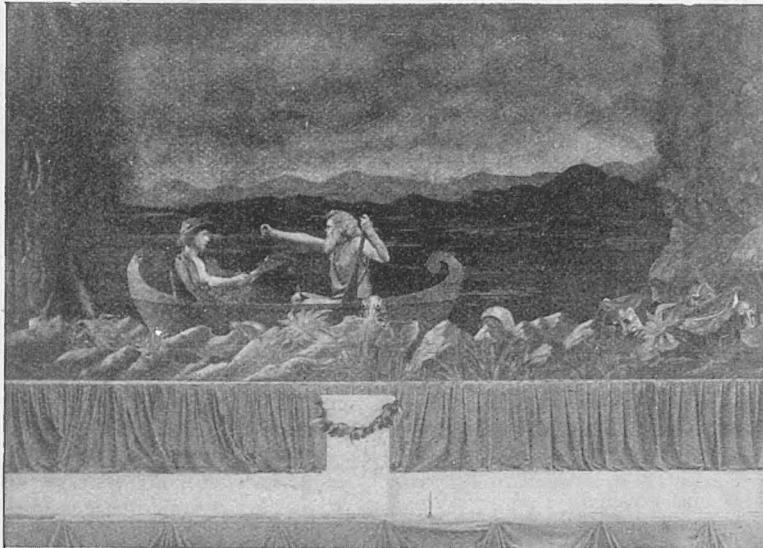
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more.

This is what it is to be a judge of prize novels.

ARISTOPHANES AT LEATHERHEAD.

Photographs by F. Parrett, Leatherhead.

The custom of compelling the Greek-learning boy to put his knowledge to practical tests by participation in the acting of a Greek play is, doubtless, an admirable one, and one which, more than any other means, impresses upon him the spirit and the genius of his task. The play chosen for representation this year at St. John's Foundation School, Leatherhead, was "The Frogs" of Aristophanes, and it was a choice that cannot be described as other than admirable. The humour of the



A LESSON IN ROWING.

thing, its gaiety, its satire, its suitable sentiment, are, perhaps, more fitted for boyish interpretation than the statelier and more tragic humours of Aeschylus, or even Euripides. And, certainly, the character of Dionysus was, in this instance, better sustained than we have seen the principal characters interpreted even at the Greek representations of the two great Universities. Mr. Start, who took the character, has some of the true instinct of the actor in him. He had, to a large extent, realised the effeminate humour of his part; he spoke his lines with feeling, with intelligence, even with distinction; and his gesture was admirable. This point of gesture was the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is extremely rare to find among boys—and we believe that Mr. Start is no more than eighteen—any gesture which is not self-conscious, and therefore clumsy. The other parts, of Herakles, of Xanthias, of the Dead Man, of Charon, and the rest, though taken by various youths with much gusto and a sense of personal enjoyment, do not perhaps merit the same praise due to a sense of art found somewhat infrequent in one so young.

The chorus, again, was really admirable. The boys who composed its members had been carefully trained, and accepted the position with a

energy and with obvious enjoyment, and they had thoroughly mastered the somewhat difficult and complex music which was allotted to them.

That music was, of course, the music composed by Dr. Hubert Parry for the performance of "The Frogs" at Oxford in 1892. It is, in truth, among the best works of a less important kind that Dr. Parry has ever written. He himself would probably not care to rank it, say, with his "Job" or his "King Saul"; yet it may well be doubted if it does not contain as pleasant a revelation of the musician's personality as either of these more ambitious and more pretentious works. Its occasional risings from Gounod, from Beethoven, and even from masters of more purely popular names, are always humorous and apt. The choruses assigned to

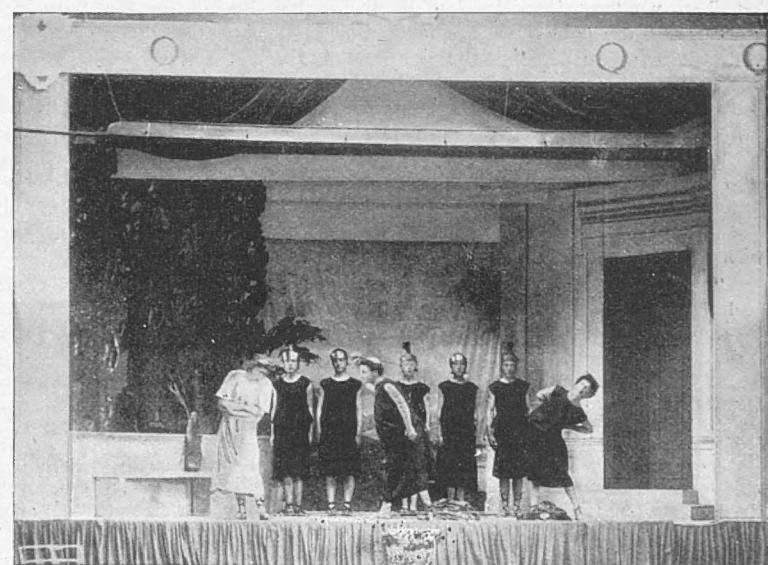


THE CONTEST OF THE POETS: SPEAKING THE VERSES INTO THE SCALES.

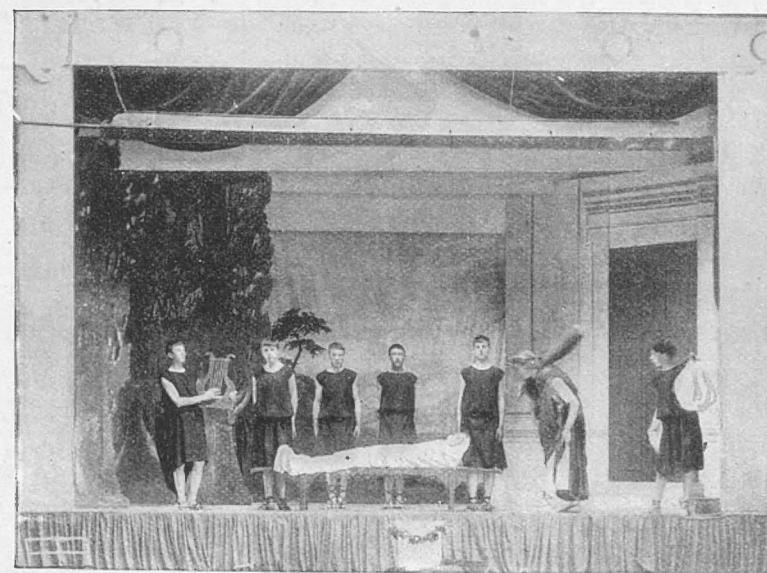
the frogs are even, in a curious way, haunting; and, throughout, the work possesses a solidity, combined with its triviality, which at all times commands respect and attention. Under the careful direction of Mr. Terry, the work went very effectively. The orchestra, indeed, was not exactly the most delicately perfect, but it never fell below the demands of modest expectation. Take it all in all, the performance was one which, by reason of its jollity and its thorough enjoyability, may be ranked among the best things of its kind. One, perhaps a little wrong-headedly, expects a Greek play to be necessarily dull; it is greater praise, therefore, than ordinary to say that, in this instance, the Greek play was uniformly *interesting*.

"THE LITTLE HUGUENOT."

"The Little Huguenot," by Mr. Max Pemberton, the latest addition to Cassell's "Pocket Library," is a charming tale of the days, so perilous to virtuous beauty, of Louis le Bien-Aimé. Mr. Pemberton is an adventurous seeker after plots, and often goes further afield than this. But he, too, has felt, with many another novelist—and some notable recent ones in England—the fascination and the opportunities of French



THE WHIPPING SCENE.



DIONYSUS HAGGLES WITH THE DEAD MAN.

spirit of gaiety and of vitality which was extremely cheerful and pleasant. When, in the second act, they ran from the side wings, clad in white, and waving torches, the effect was exceedingly pretty. Of course, a good deal of allowance, from the purely vocal point of view, was necessary, as the voices were, for the most part, in that somewhat painful stage which immediately follows the breaking from soprano or from alto into a possible tenor, baritone, or bass. Still, they danced with

historical romance. The Little Huguenot was Gabrielle de Vernet, cousin of the famous painter of that name, a lady whose charm, piety, and virtue kept pace with each other. Living, in spite of her youth, in religious seclusion at her château, her mysterious beauty tempted the King to win her for himself and for his Court. How his desire and command are frustrated, how goodness and valour and true love win the day, is Mr. Pemberton's story.

MR. VANDAM'S LATEST GOSSIP.

Mr. Vandam is rather less amusing in his new book, "French Men and French Manners" (Chapman); rather less abusive, also, though quite as discontented. There are many scraps of entertainment to be picked up from it, nevertheless, about sides of French life little known to English readers. His illustrations are often of first-rate interest, even when his inferences are absurd. The making of some kinds of politicians, the course of some electoral contests, he has watched with the keenest observation. Indeed, his eye and ear and memory are particularly acute and clear: it is never they that mislead him. But he jumps to universal conclusions from a few incidents vividly but not over-generously watched. Perhaps his most curious and sympathetic pages are those that describe some of the lesser industries of Paris. In his wanderings in search of "copy," Mr. Vandam met with queer folk and queer callings, among them an eccentric musician, known as the "professeur de cris—l'individu qui apprend les gens à gueuler." All sojourners in the quieter or humbler parts of Paris will have noted the harmonious street-cries, but they may never have guessed that some of the followers of the street trades have not the ear or the quickness to pick up their cry for themselves, but take lessons of a *professeur*, who patiently accompanies their crude attempts to sing "Mes bott d'asperg" on his violin. The thieves and beggars' quarter of Paris knows Mr. Vandam. He was personally conducted there, and let into not a few secrets. It would be unjust to say he writes ungenerously and unsympathetically of every theme. One class, at least, he credits with very respectable virtue—the rag-pickers. Among his motley collection of odds and ends about conscripts, and the Mont de Piété, about lycées and the modern French *jeune fille*, the clerks and the beggars, and the concierges, a reader will be difficult to please if he do not find plums of entertainment. But most English readers are so constituted that they rise, most contrarily, from Mr. Vandam's sketches of modern France, loving that most unsatisfactory country as much as ever. That France does not love us at all in return makes no difference in the world.

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MR. JUSTICE CHITTY.

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PURSUANT to a Judgment of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, made in an Action of Elkins v. The Capital Guarantee Society, Limited, 1883, E. 548, and dated the 28th May, 1884, and subsequent Orders, an Enquiry has been pending since the date of the said Judgment for the purpose of ascertaining the holders of Assurance Bonds, Bond Notes, Promissory Notes, or Certificates issued by the Capital Guarantee Society, Limited, formerly known as the General Expenditure Assurance Company, Limited. The Redemption Fund (amounting to about £24,000) was paid into Court, and is now being distributed amongst the parties entitled.

Holders of Assurance Bonds, Bond Notes, Promissory Notes, or Certificates who have not yet claimed are requested to produce the same to Mr. Robert Aylward, and Mr. Benjamin Alexander Elkin, the Solicitors for the Plaintiff and Defendants, before the 31st day of October, 1895, and to supply them with their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions.

The Bonds and other Securities can be produced at the Offices of the said Robert Aylward, 16, Clifford's Inn, in the City of London, on any Wednesday between the 11th day of September and the 31st day of October next, between the hours of three and five p.m., or at the risk of the holders they can be sent by post prepaid (registered or otherwise), with their names, addresses, and descriptions, to the said Robert Aylward at the said address, who will duly return the same by registered post.

The Action will shortly be heard on further consideration, and in default of production by the date above-named such order may be made as to the closing of the Enquiry and the disposal of the balance of the fund (now amounting to about £11,000) as to the Court shall seem just.

Payment has also been made on a number of the Bonds and other securities issued by the said Court, and a note of such payment has been stamped across the face of such Bonds and other securities. The holders of such Bonds and other securities so stamped are not in any way concerned in this advertisement, and they are particularly requested not to produce or forward their Bonds.

Dated this 31st day of July, 1895.

ROBERT AYLWARD,

16, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,

Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

C. BURNETT,

Chief Clerk.

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Sandown	"	10.45	2.29	2.29	3.37	5.46	8.14	9.24			
Shanklin	"	10.51	2.36	2.36	3.45	5.52	8.19	9.30			
Ventnor	"	11.4	2.50	2.50	3.35	3.35	6.6	8.20	8.30	9.40	
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Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUG. 7 and 8. SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from VICTORIA at 8.25 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from KENSINGTON (Addison Road) 8.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 8.30 a.m., calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; also from LONDON BRIDGE 9.20 a.m., calling at East Croydon. Returning from Brighton 6.5 and 7.25 p.m.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at Ordinary Fares (First and Second Class only) will leave LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m., and VICTORIA at 10.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Returning from Brighton 5 and 5.55 p.m.

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CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and certain intermediate stations as per handbills.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LEWES RACES, AUG. 9 and 10.—A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN at Ordinary Fares, First, Second, and Third Class, from LONDON BRIDGE 9 a.m., calling at Croydon (East); from VICTORIA 9 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

SPECIAL FAST TRAIN at Ordinary Fares, First and Second Class, will leave LONDON BRIDGE 10.40 a.m., Victoria 10.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

SPECIAL TRAINS at Ordinary Fares return from Lewes immediately after the Races.

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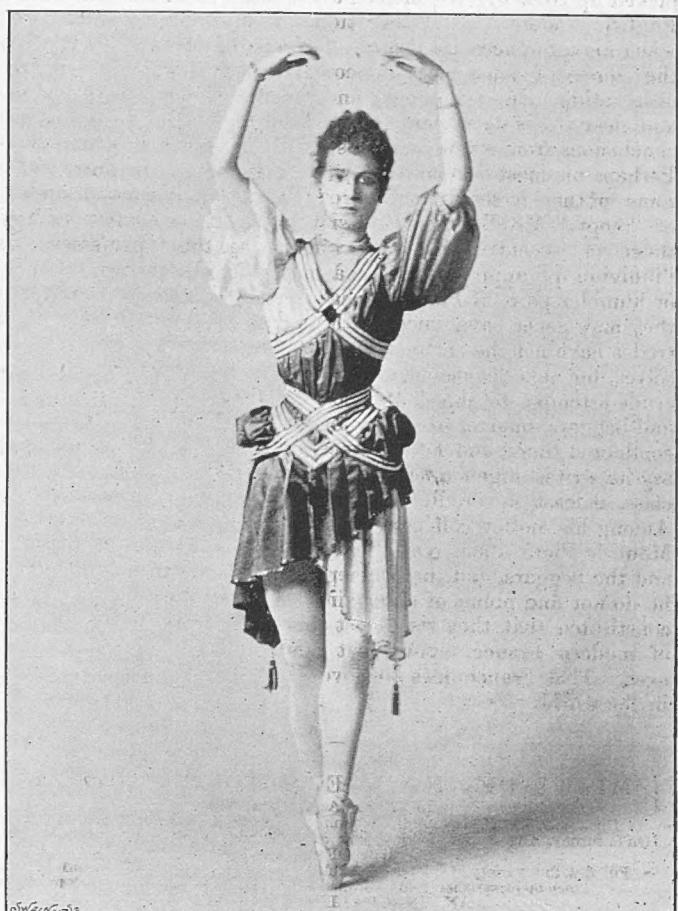
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"TITANIA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

OBERON (MISS JULIA SEALE).



HERMIA (MDLLE. CECILIA CERRI).



PUCK (MISS EMMA HAUPT).



TITANIA (MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS).

"TITANIA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



TITANIA (MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS), AND OBERON (MISS JULIA SEALE).



THESEUS (MR. E. AGOUST), HIPPOLYTA (MISS BRAND), AND EGEUS
(MR. E. ALMONTI).



GROUP OF CHILDREN AT THE WEDDING OF THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA.



GROUP OF BALLET DANCERS IN LAST SCENE OF "TITANIA."

THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

A CHAT WITH MONS. G. JACOBI.

In spite of the fact that the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was to see the light within ten days, the Alhambra was apparently deserted the other afternoon. The front of the house was shrouded, the stage bare, but in his room, hard at work, M. Jacobi was quite unconscious that the rest of the world was having holiday.

"How does the new ballet shape?" I asked.

"Very well, but it is a difficult matter," replied the composer. "I confess that I have seldom had so many troubles with a score. We have kept strictly to Shakspere's story, which is, as you know, suggestive of slow, dreamy measures, and yet a ballet must be lively."

"The greater the difficulties, the greater the triumph," I suggested; "and, moreover, it is safe to predict that you have got over the various troubles you complain about."

"I think I may say so," responded M. Jacobi, with just a suggestion of twinkle in his other eye; "but I've only been two months on the score,



M. JACOBI.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and have been compelled to work very rapidly. My wife is my *collaborateur* to some extent. I write the music, and, if she disapproves, I alter and amend until her approval is secured. She has an excellent judgment."

"Tell me," I said, "the style of ballet you prefer, the composers you like best, the *premières* whose dancing has been most noticeable, and your opinion of male dancers in ballet? A string of questions will give you and me a goodly paragraph."

"The pastoral and mythological are certainly the best styles of ballet," was the reply; "the sort called 'up to date' is inevitably vulgar. Some of the most charming ballet-music has been composed by Adolphe Adam, Léo Delibes, Hervé, and my friend Wenzel. By the way, the writing of light music is so neglected that I propose to start a class for its study. Students are taught to write a gavotte or a minuet, but they seldom know how to express dramatic or humorous situations in music. It is a branch of expressive symphony, and, of course, necessitates a thorough comprehension of every instrument's possibilities. The art of writing music to explain action and sentiment without the help of libretto is so difficult to acquire that the man who can write a good ballet will probably succeed in the scenic production of comic opera, though the converse of this statement does not hold good. Sir Arthur Sullivan is retained to write a grand ballet for us next year, and there can be little doubt as to its success."

"Ten years ago Sir Arthur told me that he had himself composed a ballet for Covent Garden long ago, and I asked him why he did not write one for us, saying I should be very happy to conduct it. I am glad that, at last, he has consented to do so. I hope he will have as much time as he requires, and the choice of his subject. The best results are obtained from the *entente cordiale* existing between the ballet-master

and the composer. We are very lucky in our *maître de ballet*, Signor Carlo Coppi. The best *premières* have, perhaps, been Palladino, Bessone, Legnani, and our present *première*, Signorina C. Cerri. The position of the *première* is by no means at stake, as people affect to imagine. She is as important to ballet as the *prima donna* to grand opera. If their work has appeared a trifle monotonous of late, it is because they are nearly all pupils of the same mistress in Milan, and may have insensibly adapted certain mannerisms. Male dancers are not very interesting, but they are often required to support the *première* or for groups, while a good comic male dancer helps a piece along considerably. I find the public interest on the increase, and the musical taste considerably improved. Years ago, the demand for light, simple measures, and commonplace themes made it difficult for me to elaborate my scores, but to-day the public takes an intelligent interest in orchestration. I have added the harp to the orchestra, and the better the score, the greater its success. The *Strand Musical Magazine* is publishing a selection of my 'Ali Baba' music; and the 'Zerlina Gavotte,' to which Legnani danced her famous skirt-dance in 'Aladdin,' has reached a third edition. Formerly, this class of music would not sell.

"The Alhambra, after some years of somnolence, caused by indifferent programmes, is now awaking and in a great 'crescendo' of prosperity, thanks to the care and solicitude of our directors and the untiring energy of our general manager, Alfred Moul. The programmes are excellent all through, and the public is coming back to the old place in crowds."

After this, the conversation wandered to the land of reminiscence, and, from our long chat, I select some of the most interesting particulars.

More than thirty years ago M. Jacobi took the first prize for violin-playing at the Paris Conservatoire. Before London claimed his presence at the Alhambra, he conducted at the Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens. He composed his first ballet-music for a pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty," produced by Sir Augustus Harris's father at Covent Garden in 1871, and since then has added more than ninety grand ballets to the list, most of them for the Alhambra. The authors whose work he has set to music include H. J. Byron, H. B. Farnie, Alfred Thompson, James Albery, Howard Paul, John Hollingshead, Athol Mayhew, and others too numerous to mention. He works every morning regularly, and inspiration hits him in strange places, such as on the tops of buses and in railway trains. His power of remembering a score is shown by the fact that he seldom or never refers to it while conducting. Indeed, when the Alhambra was burnt down, his manuscript books of the Polish Military Ballet went the way of everything else there, and the next day he re-wrote the entire score from memory.

In Lighter London, where pleasure-seekers congregate, and we all endeavour to steal a few rose-coloured hours from the monotony of existence, M. Jacobi is one of our best-known and best-liked friends. We have known him from the first hour when we made the Alhambra's acquaintance; we find him as fresh and vigorous as of yore, in these days when most of the old friends have passed away, and his own sons—one a clever musician, and another a rising scene-painter, pupil of E. T. Ryan—have reached man's estate.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE BALLET.

Could there be a more charming subject for a ballet than "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? I think not, especially after seeing "Titania," at the Alhambra, the new ballet which Signor Coppi has so brilliantly worked out in dancing, M. Jacobi so melodiously in music, Mr. Alias so delicately in costume, and Mr. Ryan so effectively in scenery. It is, and it calls itself, a spectacular ballet, and, though there is plenty of vivid and graceful dancing, it is as a spectacle primarily that it appeals to one. It is as fantastic and unreal and impossible as even I could wish for; and I like a ballet to have as much of the fantastic, unreal, and impossible as it can be got to contain. I go to see a ballet in order to get as far as possible from the intolerable reality of the world around me; and how pleasant it is to find myself with Oberon, Titania, and Puck in a forest-world—

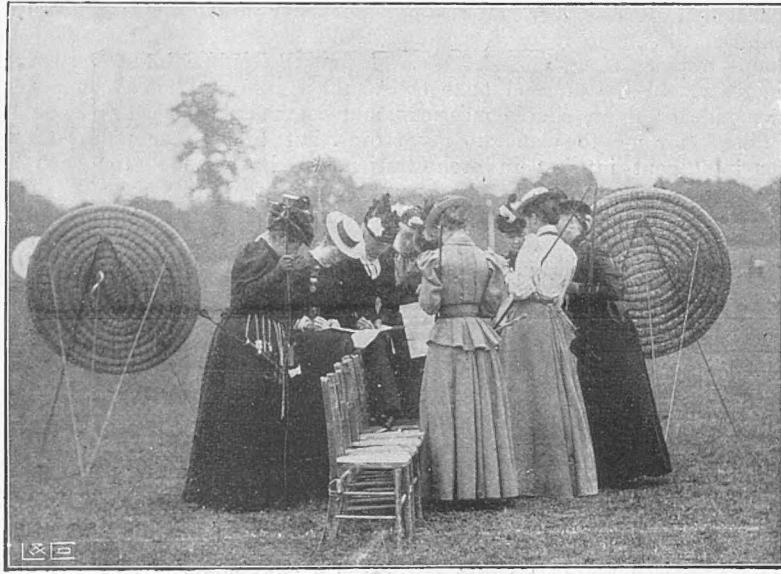
Where the elf-girls flood with wings
Valleys full of plaintive air;

where fire-flies flicker up and down the trees, and toad-stools run about the ground, and crowds and companies of fairies whirl, a very kaleidoscope, to the tune of waltzes and polkas! I don't know how far "Titania" follows the Shaksperean story: it seemed to me unnecessary to notice. It is not for its plot that anyone will go to see "Titania." People will go to see "Titania" because it is a charming pageant of dancing, in which the dresses are quite exceptionally pretty, and the combinations of colours unusually delicate in their shading. Signorina Cerri does some very accomplished dancing; the Grigolatis troupe fly smoothly and cunningly through the air, like the most agile sort of angels; Mr. H. Agouest is discreet as Bottom; and Miss Julie Seale, Miss Agouest, and Miss Hooton all look very nice, and would do anything very nicely if they had it to do. But it is the fairies that I go to see, and these young people, in their gauze and wings, look quite enough like the real thing—the unreal thing, that is; I require no more illusion. That second scene in the glade is full of midsummer night's fantasy; one seems to have dreamt it—the bright creatures go swaying like tall flowers in the wind. The *corps-de-ballet* at the Alhambra has been freshened up lately; it was in need of new faces, and the new faces have come very agreeably. Altogether, "Titania" will add to the gaiety of London: it should be popular.

A. S.

THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING.

The fifty-second Grand National Archery Meeting took place on July 24, 25, and 26, at Hurlingham, on the new polo-ground. The society met in 1864 at the Alexandra Palace, and meetings were held in 1875-6 at



Richmond and Sandown Park, but this is the first occasion on which the meeting has taken place in London. In fixing the meeting at Hurlingham, no doubt the Committee were influenced by the hope that the growing interest in archery in the Home Counties, and the number of flourishing societies which exist close to town, would secure a greater number of competitors than usual. In this they were disappointed, for, though the meeting was highly successful, the attendance was not above the average. Although the competitions last three days, the various prizes are awarded on the scores made on the Wednesday and Thursday, the third day being a sort of by-day, on which handicap sweepstakes and bows, &c., alone are shot for. The competitions commenced each day at eleven o'clock, the gentlemen shooting six dozen arrows at a hundred yards. At 2.30 the ladies arrived on the scene, and began to shoot their four dozen arrows at sixty yards, the same number being shot by the gentlemen at eighty. After an interval for tea, shooting was resumed at fifty yards by the ladies and at sixty by the gentlemen, two dozen arrows at these distances completing the respective rounds.

When the gentlemen commenced to shoot, on Wednesday morning, the light was good, but a cross and partly up-and-down wind was blowing, making accurate shooting difficult. Consequently, no good scores were made, only five being over 100. At eighty yards the wind did not affect the arrows so much as it had done at a hundred, yet only two gentlemen shot really well, Mr. G. E. Fryer, and the champion, Mr. Hussey, their scores being 204 and 169. Though neither of these gentlemen had distinguished himself at the longer distance, these scores were sufficient to place them first and second, a position which, with little variation, they kept till the end of the match. At sixty yards Mr. Fryer added 137 to his score, making his total for the day 424, Mr. Hussey's being 368.

Undoubtedly, the most attractive part of an archery meeting, to a spectator, is to watch ladies, who really know how to handle their bows, shoot. Of course, at a meeting like this, where all the best lady shots were gathered together, there was plenty of opportunity of seeing skilled shooters, and no one could avoid being struck with what a graceful and becoming pastime archery is for ladies who know how to shoot. It is



not, therefore, to be wondered at that most of the interest was centred on their performances, especially as it was fully anticipated that the contest between the championess, Mrs. C. Bowly, and Miss Legh, who, till two years ago, had held the Championship seven consecutive years, would be a close one. At the end of the sixty yards, Miss Legh's score of 236 was only three points better than Mrs. Bowly's; but, at fifty yards, Miss Legh placed all her arrows in the target, for the fine score of 156, thus increasing her total for the day to 392, Mrs. Bowly being second with 368.

On Thursday the wind was not quite so troublesome, and better scores were made at a hundred yards, Mr. C. E. Nesham's 172 and Mr. G. Bird's 149 being the two best. Mr. Fryer was, however, not to be overtaken, though he only made 116, but these scores placed Mr. Nesham second and Mr. Bird third, which position, at eighty yards, he improved to second with a score of 190. Mr. Fryer's 176 at eighty left him still well ahead, and his 156 at sixty yards, a fine performance, landed him an easy winner, Mr. Hussey, who scored 173 at eighty and 121 at sixty, finishing second, the best scores on the two days being Fryer, 872, Hussey, 765, Bird, 756, Nesham, 732. Among the ladies, Miss Legh, at sixty yards, made 276 to Mrs. Bowly's 238, and, though the latter lady scored 153 at fifty yards, finished first on the two days, with 790 to Mrs. Bowly's 759, the next best scores being Mrs. Stilwell, 643; Mrs. Alex. Smith, 635; Miss B. M. Legh, 630; Miss Hyde, 623; and Mrs. Berens, 604. Mrs. Berens made three golds at one end at sixty yards on Wednesday, and Mrs. Bowly at fifty on Thursday, the usual shilling being paid to them by each of the other ladies who entered the competition.

The following is the prize list—

Championess, Miss Legh. 1st score, Miss Legh; 2nd, Mrs. Bowly; 3rd, Mrs. Stilwell; 4th, Mrs. Alex. Smith; 5th, Miss B. Legh; 6th, Miss Hyde; 7th, Mrs. Berens; 8th, Mrs. Weedon. Most Golds, Mrs. Lister; Best Gold, Mrs. Yates Foot. Scores at sixty and fifty, Miss F. Bardswell and Miss Oakeley. Hits at sixty and fifty, Miss M. Field and Miss Hussey. Most Golds at sixty and fifty, Mrs. Tuke and Miss Vernon. Best Golds at sixty and fifty, Miss C. Radford and Miss E. Cholmondeley.

Champion and Spedding Cup, Mr. G. E. Fryer. Fisher Cup, Mr. G. Bird. 1st score, Mr. G. Fryer; 2nd, Mr. Hussey; 3rd, Mr. G. Bird; 4th, Mr. C. E. Nesham; 5th, Mr. F. A. Govett; 6th, Mr. C. J. Perry Keene. Most Golds,



Mr. J. B. Keyworth; Best Gold, Mr. Gregson. Scores at a hundred, eighty, and sixty: Mr. Aston, Mr. R. Walters, Mr. R. Watkins. Hits at a hundred, eighty, and sixty: Mr. C. F. Cholmondeley, Captain Allen, Mr. G. Cornewall. Most Golds at a hundred, eighty, and sixty: Captain Fort, Mr. G. Phillips, Mr. P. Prince. Best Golds at a hundred, eighty, and sixty: Lieut.-Colonel Burridge, Mr. W. L. Wells, Mr. W. Coombs. Associated Club Prizes: 1st, Miss Landale, Mr. Sharpe; 2nd, Mrs. Fort, Mr. Newall. Most Golds: Miss Luzmore, Mr. H. W. Wells. Best Golds: Miss Leigh Clare, Mr. Scott Malden. Gloucestershire won the Ladies' County Challenge Prize, and Middlesex the Gentlemen's. On Friday, the handicap prizes were won by Miss E. Carlisle and Mr. C. M. Walrond, Mrs. Gilling and Mr. Beckh.

H. W.

THE LATE LORD VERULAM.

The late Lord Verulam, who has just died, at his beautiful seat near St. Albans, at a venerable age, was not, as some might suppose, a descendant of the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," as Pope styled Sir Francis Bacon, afterwards Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, he who sits in carven effigy, in his stone chair, in the little church of St. Michael, in the old Hertfordshire town, a church that is probably far older than the Conquest. The late Lord Verulam is descended from one Grymstone, standard-bearer to the Conqueror, and his forbears have been connected with St. Albans since the days of the Merry Monarch, when one of them was M.P. for that place. The new Lord Verulam is better known as Viscount Grimston, whose restorations of the glorious fane of St. Albans have been a subject of much controversy and dispute, and there are many who look upon them as by no means unmixed blessings, in fact, as absolute ruination, though the amount expended on them has been of most liberal dimensions. Some ecclesiastical enthusiasts have ventured the opinion, indeed, that a future generation will obliterate Lord Grimston's restorations, and bring back the Cathedral to its original form.

THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING.

Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

SMALL TALK.

According to present arrangements, the Queen is to leave Osborne for Balmoral on the afternoon of Friday fortnight, and the Court will stay in Scotland until the middle of November.

The Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and Indian Orders will be included in the investiture which the Queen is to hold shortly in the Council-room at Osborne. The company and the Court officials will be conveyed from London to Portsmouth by special train, and they will cross the Solent to East Cowes in the royal yacht Alberta, and lunch will be served at Osborne before the investiture takes place. There has been a great number of appointments and promotions in the various orders since the last investiture, but in some cases the decoration has been conferred by a special warrant, which dispenses with the ceremony of investing by her Majesty. There have also been a few private investitures at Windsor, which have usually taken place in the Drawing-room, after dinner.

The Queen, who is now in good health and spirits, spends every fine morning at Osborne in a tent, which is pitched on the lawn and shaded by trees, and here her Majesty gets through the day's work before returning to Osborne House for luncheon. The Queen goes out every afternoon in the park for an airing, the private grounds at Osborne affording a drive of more than six miles, with beautiful views all the way. Her Majesty goes out on the terraces and about the grounds near the house in her favourite donkey-chaise.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters, who left London for Cowes on Friday, will remain in the Isle of Wight until the beginning of next week, when they will be conveyed from Cowes to Copenhagen in the Osborne. At the conclusion of their stay in Denmark, the Princess and the young Princesses are to spend a month at Braemar, with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, before going to Sandringham for the winter.

Prince Christian, who stayed with Mr. and Mrs. James for the Goodwood Meeting, went on from West Dean Park to visit the Queen at Osborne. The Prince returns this week to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, and is shortly going to Kissingen for a month, to take a course of the waters. At the conclusion of his "cure," he will spend a fortnight with his nephew, the Duke of Augustenburg, at his Schloss in Silesia.

The Prince of Wales is to take the chair, and the Marquis of Ormonde the vice-chair, at the annual dinner of the R.Y.S., which will be given at the Castle, Cowes, and at which the German Emperor is to be present.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have arrived at Duff House, their place in Banffshire. They travelled direct from London, and were conveyed from Aberdeen to Banff by a special train. They will reside at Duff House for about three weeks, before going to Braemar for the shooting-season.

Honours are falling thick and fast on the great house of Gilbey, whose goods are known in every town in the United Kingdom—goods, by the way, that once were noticed with a caustic pen by Rhoda Broughton in a certain novel, the slip of the reader of which, in passing the same before publication, put the historic house from which it issued to considerable trouble and expense. On Sir Walter Gilbey was conferred, some years ago, a baronetcy, while his partner, Sir James Blyth, has but recently received a similar honour from the late Government. Now another member of the firm can write M.P. after his name. This is Mr. Charles Gold, who has been returned as the Liberal member for the Saffron Walden Division of Essex, though with a smaller majority than the late member. Mr. Gold's geniality has, I believe, earned him much and deserved popularity in that part of the country which he now represents.

The good-humour with which some of the elections were conducted was by no means to the taste of some seasoned partisans. One member of the new House of Commons tells a story of an elector who was greatly offended with him for going to tea at the house of his opponent. "I have voted for you three times," wrote the malcontent, "but never again! Taking tea with the other side is not my idea of the way to fight an election." Evidently this elector had a vague suspicion that some nefarious scheme was afoot—something subtle and un-English, very different from the good old hearty methods of the times when the chief duty of electors was to break the heads of the "other side."

The City of London is popularly supposed to embrace within its area every great industry, and certain streets are practically representative of certain trades. Wood Street, St. Paul's, Lombard, Throgmorton, Cannon, and Victoria Streets, to leave out numerous others, are thriving centres of various sorts of business. This being so, it is curious to note that the great woollen industry has, during the past two decades, deserted the realm of the Lord Mayor and betaken itself up West to Golden Square. I am assured by an eminent City man that an enormous amount of trade is done by the manufacturers in this particular

place, and that foreign as well as native houses have established themselves there, deserting not only the City, but, to a large extent, the provinces as well. Surely, if Newman Noggs were to revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would be unable to recognise his old haunts. I cannot help hoping that other industries will be content to remain where they are. The *flâneur* in the City finds no more rest than the first bird sent out of Noah's Ark. Should the West-End become invaded, London will be an impossibility except for those dreadful people whose perpetual hurry is as objectionable to me as it was to Heinrich Heine. I am sure that, if the art of taking things easy were better studied, the ills of existence would fade and disappear as quickly as one's hard-earned savings vanish on the roulette-tables of Monte Carlo. I know of no disappearance more rapid than this last.

The imagination of the heart of the average song-writer who caters for music-halls and burlesque houses is, at best, an almost witless thing, but a good singer can sometimes make us forget silly words. Encore verses of topical songs seldom scan, and often combine a maximum of sound with a minimum of meaning. If we forgive and forget the writers of such twaddle, they should be duly grateful. It is only when these songs are printed and published that a protest is needed. I learn from a recent *D.T.* advertisement that Mr. Arthur Roberts will sing his new, highly successful song, "She wanted something to play with," of which the following is a verse—

Radicals singing
"Cheer, boys, cheer!"
"Rule, Britannia!"
Over here. (*Pointing to left.*)
Unionists, full of glee,
Gaining fast majoritee (*sic*).

They will have something to play with,
Something the Rads must obey;
Something to stop all the twaddle
They've indulged in for many a day.
They will have something to play with,
Words, idle words, we abhor;
Old England should stick to the Unionists,
Now and for evermore.

Elections are responsible for a great deal, but, if this farrago of rubbish is to be laid to their account, they ought to be abolished. Granted that the other verses are like the one quoted by the management, Arthur Roberts has my sincere sympathy. With regard to the specimen above, I would lay long odds that he finds it easier to sing than to explain.

A case which forcibly illustrates the curious consciences possessed by presumably honest people was recently decided in the Court of Queen's Bench. This was the cause of Cook and Son, the well-known tourist agents, *versus* Mrs. Jackson. The lady asked for a draft for four thousand francs. The too-obliging cashier requested in exchange the equivalent of only three thousand francs. The deficit was, of course, discovered very shortly, but the unfortunate official could extract nothing but promises from the lady. Hence legal proceedings, which resulted, naturally enough, in a verdict for the plaintiffs for the difference. A curious item in the evidence was the remark which was made by a friend of Mrs. Jackson's, who trotted out the threadbare fallacy that bankers never recognised mistakes, and that he himself had had the pleasant experience of receiving on one occasion one thousand francs more than he was entitled to. With a somewhat wide experience of banks and bankers, I have never met with a house or an official who was not glad to receive moneys due, or, for that matter, to make good payments that had been made "short" by mistake; but I have over and over again heard people say that banks never recognised mistakes, and that, therefore, it was quite useless to return moneys received in excess of the proper amount, this remark being generally accompanied by a probably apocryphal example. Let us hope that the judge's decision will in future prevent these self-deceivers from laying that flatteringunction to their souls.

A friend of mine, who occasionally "puts something on" (I don't mean on his person, but on a horse), told me a curious coincidence in connection with the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood last week. On the day of the race, he met a lady friend by appointment, but, the morning being fine, he brought with him neither umbrella nor overcoat. The more thoughtful "weaker vessel" came provided with both. "Ah," said she, as the gentleman remarked on her prudence, "I am one of the Wise Virgins." "Wise Virgin! Good heavens!" exclaimed her companion. "Excuse me one moment," and, bolting into an adjacent telegraph-office, he put his "something" on the filly of that name, who justified the curious prophecy by winning the Cup in a field of two-and-twenty. A fine outside shot this, and I sincerely hope my friend devoted some of his lucky winnings to jewellery, or, at least, to gloves, and many of them.

It happens to the best of portrait-painters sometimes not to please their sitters. Few people have ever seen the portrait which Mr. Sargent painted of Madame Patti. She never liked it, and it is hidden away in some disused corner of her castle at Craig-y-Nos. Probably Mr. Sargent will have his revenge when a few more years have rolled over Patti's head, and she may be pleased to gaze on a portrait painted in her prime, however distasteful it may be now.

Visitors at the Indian Exhibition will be interested to see what a Buddhist monk looks like. Well, here is a portrait of an eminent British officer taken in the character. The officer in question lived a good deal in the Phoongee Kyoungs, or Monasteries, near Moulmein (B. B.), some years ago, and used to wear the monks' yellow robe, chumming with them as a Brother, and shaving his head to be in the fashion. The Phoongees, by the way, do not shave much, but amuse themselves, between prayers, by pulling out their superfluous hairs with tweezers. They promenade the streets in the early morning with a wooden bowl to receive the alms and victuals of the faithful, and carry a triangular gong, with which attention is called to the fact that the cupboard of the monks is bare.



AN INDIAN PRIEST.

Photo by Alfred E. Griffiths, South Norwood, S.E.

adviser of a friend being in very bad condition, was obliged to travel, and recently returned to England, having spent all his money in the recovery of health. He is an excellent practitioner, of good character, and a sober, steady worker. Nevertheless, he is walking about, unable to find work wherewith to keep body and soul together. In his absence, old clients have disappeared, or been compelled to consult other doctors, so that a good connection has entirely vanished. This is only one of very many cases, and applies to Law as well as to Medicine. A fully qualified solicitor can be found for thirty shillings a-week by any advertiser in legal papers. In all professions, the work seems to fall to the few, while the majority find a difficulty in getting the necessities of life.

A new journal has been added to the series which includes *Tit-Bits*, *Pearson's Weekly*, and *Answers*. It is called the *Success*, and is edited by D. S. Meldrum, a well-known writer on sporting subjects. Behind Mr. Meldrum, it is understood, is a distinguished editor of boundless capacity and fertility of resource, and there seems no reason why the *Success* should not share some of the advantages which seem to obtain with this class of periodical. Who would not wish to enter the newspaper clysim where the proprietors seem to number their readers by millions and their profits by hundreds of thousands!

Australia, or rather, Victoria, has come to be recognised as the Italy of the Southern Seas for the production of sweet singers. No sooner are their melodious notes heard, than they fly off to England or the Continent, there to be trained to conquer the critical audiences of the West. Within the last year or two quite a flock of these song-birds has migrated to Paris, led thither by the world-wide triumph of their famous country-woman, Madame Melba. It is not often, however, that a native Australian singer arises with the combined vocal and histrionic talent. Melba is a notable exception, of course; and so is Miss Nellie Stewart, who was seen in London a few years ago, and who is about to descend on the Metropolis again shortly. Next to these, in order of excellence and popularity—a charming singer, winsome actress, and dainty dancer—came Miss Violet Varley, who has just died. Melbourne-born, this promising young actress had not reached her twenty-fourth year. A little over two years ago, Mr. Joseph Tapley, well known as the tenor of many London comic-opera productions, was brought out to Australia to join Messrs. Williamson and Musgrave's Comic Opera Company. With Miss Nellie Stewart, Miss Violet Varley was one of the bright stars of that excellent combination. Mr. Tapley had not been in the Colonies more than a year before he wooed and won Miss Varley, and they had only been married a year when she met with her untimely death. It was Miss Varley's intention, had she lived, to have proceeded to London with her husband, there to study under Randegger, and, if possible, get an opening in comic opera. She had been playing in the Colonies for about ten years, eight of which she served with Messrs. Williamson and Musgrave in comic opera. She also played, for short seasons, in drama, with Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Charles Warner, during their visits to Australia. She came into prominence as a singer and actress by her rendering of the title rôle in "Dorothy," and from that time onward her career was one of unalloyed success. Her greatest part, perhaps, was that of Marton in "La Cigale," and among other parts which she created in the Colonies may be mentioned Gianetta in "The Gondoliers," Incz in "Pepita," Pitti Sing in "The Mikado," Phoebe in "The Yocomen of the Guard," Fiametta in "La Mascotte," Minestra in "The Mountebanks," and Chopinette in "Paul Jones." Besides these parts, she played principal girl in one or two Melbourne pantomimes.

The last production of Mr. Daly's season, if the least important, is not the least entertaining; for though one may turn up a critical nose at the farce adapted from the German of the late Julius Rosen, Esq. (the programme, and not I, must be blamed for the curious expression), there is plenty of healthy fun in it. One may admit that "Nancy and Co.," like most of the Daly farces, does not make a deep impression. Indeed, though I had seen it before, I had forgotten it entirely, and I am sure that in a fortnight all that I shall remember will be the ingenious comic business of the third act. Of the playing I am likely to recollect more. Of course, Miss Rehan had a poor part—Mr. Daly really plays the dog in the manger with her—and I regret to say that, almost of course, in her anxiety needlessly to convince the world of her splendid gifts, she somewhat forces the part. Miss Maxine Elliot, the Oriana, shows that, ere long, she will be able to turn her beauty to full account, and Miss Percy Haswell played very prettily as Daisy. Mr. Frank Worthing does not seem to please everyone; to me, in farce, his somewhat melancholy manner is almost fascinating, and he has a style as individual as that of Mr. Wyndham or Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and, if perhaps less brilliant, certainly is more than good enough for the work that he is called upon to do. Mr. Bosworth's Brasher is curious and amusing. Is there anyone who can resist Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis?

Miss Dorothea Baird, who has been chosen by Mr. Beerbohm Tree to play the part of Trilby at the Haymarket in the autumn, is sister to Mrs. E. T. Cook, wife of the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. Tall, and of a fine stage presence, Miss Baird has lately been a useful member of Mr. Ben Greet's company, and took part in the Shakspere Memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon this spring. A new recruit to the band of players headed by Mr. Ben Greet is Miss Lillah McCarthy, an Irish brunette, possessed of true Celtic fire, who has recently done very promising work in connection with the Shakspere Reading Society. For instance, I heard her declaim Romeo's speeches with great spirit, and I sat behind George Bernard Shaw at the representation of "Macbeth" at St. George's Hall, when Miss McCarthy appeared, very creditably, as Lady Macbeth.

The opera season has at last come to an end. One of the most promising artists appeared only towards its close. This is Miss Marie Engle. It is now some eight years since she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris to sing *prima donna* parts at the Opera House, and, when one sees youth and so much beauty allied to so sweet and



MISS MARIE ENGLE AS BAUCIS IN "PHILEMON AND BAUCIS."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

true a voice, the success of this popular artist is no longer wondered at. Miss Engle was born in Chicago, but has more the appearance of a Frenchwoman than an American. This she accounts for by the fact that, while her mother is German, her father is French. Her Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo" this season has been an immense success, although it is by no means her favourite part. In private life the *prima donna* is the wife of Gustav Amberg, the well-known New York impresario.

Certain of us were discussing, a few nights ago, the most provoking situations we had ever been in, and my experience, having secured the parsley wreath, may be worth recording. I was travelling in the South of Spain, and was in a train going to Jerez de la Frontera. My companions were a globe-trotter, who speaks every language under the sun and several that are under the ground, one of the prettiest and most charming dancing-girls in Andalusia, and her papa, a fierce old man who carried a *navaja* and loved me only because I gave him all my English cigars. There was a stoppage at one of the stations, and the engine was uncoupled and sent off somewhere else. While we waited, my friend, who is a dear, good fellow, persuaded the papa to go with him to the refreshment-place, and loaded the old gentleman with *manzanillas* until he was blind, speechless, and paralytic. I was left with the dancing-girl and my Spanish phrase-book to "make the running." My own vocabulary was about fifty strong—most of them, in fact, too strong for use. We waited in that wayside station for about an hour, while I explored my phrase-book for words to tell the lady of my undying love. And in my hour of need the phrase-book failed me. Every page seemed to tell me how to ask the way and the time, and to demand soap, supper, mustard, medicine, and other needless luxuries. So we sat there, while she talked to me rapidly in Spanish, and I was sick at heart. Finally, her papa and my friend came back. "Well," he said, as the train started, "had a good time?" And when I told him, he burst out laughing, and whispered what I had said in French. She answered him in the same language, laughing heartily the while. And then, before I could say a word, that Don Desperado, her father, came and sat between us. And compared to me, Tantalus, with his little ills, was a mere fool, while, needless to say, my chance never came again. And such is life!

Last week I was confronted by a singular mass of invitations on a particular day. I was bidden to breakfast in the country, to lunch at the seaside, to tea in one part of London, and to dinner in another, and to my credit be it said that I compassed every engagement, and even took the chair—I had been too well looked after to take anything else—at a festive supper-party, held in the heart of the Metropolis, at one o'clock on the following morning—or same night, which you please. I confess that my plans did not seem feasible at first, and I went to consult Mr. Thorne, at Victoria Station, on the previous day, to find whether I was attempting impossibilities. I found that genial American as fresh as paint, looking after the destinies of travellers by the Dover Mail. He was in several places at once, attending to the comfort of famous fellow-countrymen. There was a general sense of joy among those passengers, because the weather report in the station was good, and everybody seemed in high spirits. As soon as the mail-train departed, I explained my difficulties, and Mr. Thorne pointed out how they could be surmounted.

On the fatal morning, I rose with the postman, walked two miles further into the country than I was already, breakfasted with my friend, and caught the train to town. The 11.30 from Victoria took me down to Herne Bay in a hundred minutes, but gave me time to notice that the Kentish hops are looking splendid. I arrived in fine lunching-form, did the work of three men, and had a stroll on the Front. The town is very full, and prices are as high as the North Foreland Light. Six guineas and a half a-week for a first-floor suite struck me as being quite enough to ask for four rooms; and even more than this sum was being demanded in some instances. Shortly after three, I left my friends, and the 3.25 whirled me back to town in another hundred minutes. I turned up, smiling, at the tea-fight, and made myself agreeable to some very charming members of the profession. At seven o'clock I was off to another part of London for an even more delightful entertainment, and precisely at midnight my cab stopped at the place where I keep the London edition of my *Lares and Penates*. There we kept it up till the electric light was voted unnecessary, and we turned in by daylight. If the early bird catches the first worm, I ought to stand a fair chance.

The liberties taken with the Queen's English amount to little short of treason. On one morning last week I got these two gems, the first from the historic town of Worms—

I allow me to send you enclosed a letter addressed for Miss —, who is pretendedly engage for you as an authoress. Being unknown of her address I beg you to be so kind as to forward this letter and remain with best thanks for your kindness.

The second came from Teplitz, in Bohemia, and ran in this wise—

I have made 8 excellent pictures of the place of the great accident in Brüx, Bohemia, which was caused by the invasion of swimming sand into a coal-mine and by which accident many houses were ruined. I beg to put the question, whether You could make use of my pictures in your paper. . . . The pictures are the work of an amateur-photographer, but they are better than all pictures of these objects, which have been made till now by photographers. Awaiting a kind and quick reply.

I hear, on good authority, that the Emperor of Austria will pay his first visit to this country on Aug 25.

A curious old custom, which still survives on the Franco-Spanish frontiers, was celebrated the other day. Every year, for five hundred years, the French villagers of Barétous and the Spanish villagers of Roncal have met on the anniversary of a long-forgotten incident. The Frenchmen come six or seven hours' journey on mule-back to pay tribute to the Spaniards. The former are obliged to uncover, while the latter wear their sombreros; the former are headed by their mayors, wearing

their badges of office, and are peremptorily bidden withdraw six paces, which they meekly do. Then the Spaniards ask them three times over whether they desire peace at the price of the usual tribute, to which the French mayors must reply three times over, in a loud voice, "Si, Señor." Then the Spaniards dig a lance into the French soil, and fire a salvo in the direction of France, as a mark of chastisement, and a performance identical with the child's game known as "hot hands" takes place between six Frenchmen and six Spaniards. This symbolises a declaration of fealty. Then the tribute is paid—three sound cows—and the Frenchmen return humbly home. It is curious that this custom should have survived, for, unlike most feudal dues, it carries with it no attractive compensation in the shape of a freehold, or even an audit-dinner. Nor would the Spaniards have any means of enforcing the payment of the tribute if it were withheld. It only shows how very hard some old customs die.

Yet another "Woman" play on the theatrical horizon. Charles H. Hoyt, the well-known American dramatist, is said to be at work upon a piece which he thinks of calling "The Satisfied Woman." The satisfaction referred to in the title means such pleasure and contentment as may be derived by Women from being political "bosses" and leaders of opinion. Obviously, the play would have a satirical basis.

This is the season for open-air performances, and I wonder if any one given in this country will be organised on a larger scale than that of "Dorothy," arranged to be presented in a natural amphitheatre on the shore of Lake George in America. Rehearsals for this had been conducted at Palmer's Theatre; quite a hundred people were to take part in the performance, and excellent principals had been engaged, including, in the title rôle, Mdlle. Camille D'Arville, the Dutch vocalist, who, in the course of the eighties, sang in various comic operas both in London and in the provinces. Talking of summer amusements, I must record the failure of the Floating Palace Theatre at Boston, which had to close after a very short career.

The many lady-cyclists who are *Sketch* readers will surely be interested to hear that five of this summer's wealthy Columbian belles at Newport are "wheelwomen." These are Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who, with her expectations of thirty million dollars, indulges also in tandem-driving, golfing, and tennis-playing; Miss Virginia ("Birdie") Fair, who is heiress to a cool twenty-odd millions more; Miss Elsie Clews, a sweet girl-graduate, among other things; Miss Edith Rook, and Miss Emily Tooker.

I lately came across a delightful theatrical advertisement, with real humour in it. I transcribe it nearly in full, without, however, reproducing the large type and "display" work with which it was set off: "To let for next season, ready for occupation at any time. Managers can move in at once on So-and-so, the Inventor of Many Laughs. For farce-comedy, burlesque, comic opera, or anything except Hamlet, and could do him or anybody else if necessary." From his readiness at gagging, the advertiser ought certainly to be a comedian of resource and originality.

The appointment of "postwomen" at Aix-la-Chapelle, in place of men who have been discharged, has been chronicled as "an entirely new departure." The appropriateness of the phrase seems open to question, inasmuch as a female letter-carrier was the heroine of Carl Zeller's opera, "Der Vogelhändler," lately produced at Drury Lane, and as the librettists, who laid the scene of their book in the Rhenish Palatinate at the beginning of the eighteenth century, are not likely to have invented such a personage quite "out of their heads." The chronicler might thus have referred to the delightful impersonation of "Christel in der Post" given by Madame Ilka von Pálmay.

Of all alcoholic beverages, absinthe has, perhaps, been the one most generally singled out for attack by temperance advocates as purely noxious, and, this being the case, I have been amused to read lately about the formation of a company in France which has for object the production of absinthe free from all deleterious ingredients. The style in full of this enterprise is the "Compagnie Nationale de l'Absinthe Terminus de Pontarlier." It starts with a capital of two million francs. I shall be curious to learn the measure of success it attains.

A remarkable well, known by the gruesome name of the "Well of Famine," is said to exist at Woessingen, in Baden. It derives its peculiar appellation from the circumstance—substantiated, to some extent, by documentary evidence—that it has given water plentifully only in years of extreme scarcity of food. Indeed, it has been available for use merely in the years 1563, 1571, 1636, 1699, 1741, 1771, and 1816. I give this curious statement for what it is worth, without in any way endorsing the old supposition that sorcery, not truth, was at the bottom of this well.

If a singularly sympathetic voice, combined with an exceptionally attractive appearance and no ordinary measure of natural cleverness, are to go for anything, then the success of the charming little lady whose portrait we here give is assured. Miss Kitty Harcourt, who has been appearing in "Gentleman Joe," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is a comparatively new-comer to the burlesque stage. Her first appearance was made in "Don Juan" at the Gaiety Theatre; then she went on tour with "Morocco Bound," playing the part created by Miss Letty Lind with great success. She then returned to town, to take up her engagement with Mr. Roberts. Given opportunity, Miss Harcourt is bound to make a hit.

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MISS KITTY HARCOURT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Several persons of some interest, if not exactly of importance, have lately died in America. For instance, there was the celebrated Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow is credited with having caused the great fire at Chicago. Another was Robert Strong, otherwise known as "Colonel Bob Strong," the executioner of Guiteau, whose assassination of President Garfield has just been paralleled in Bulgaria. Strong had been employed at Washington Jail for nearly thirty years, during which time he had executed eighteen criminals. A third was Alexander Hesler, the famous Chicago photographer, who is said to have inspired Longfellow indirectly with the idea of writing "Hiawatha." Hesler had been travelling in the North-West in search of beautiful views, and it was one of these photographs taken by him, representing the Falls of Minnehaha, that caused the American bard, so they say, to compose his Indian poem. To complete the quartet, I will add the name of Thomas Phillips, an alleged survivor of the Balaclava Six Hundred, who passed away, at the age of seventy, at Woodville, in Michigan.

"Tinsey" is the name of an Iceland collie which has been imported by Mr. Frank Sewill, of Liverpool. It has a wonderful coat of rich red-brown, almost like a bear. The Iceland collie might very easily become popular.

A funny little account was recently produced in Paris, in a breach of promise case, by the father of the jilted girl and that young woman herself. They claimed ten thousand francs damages, and, of these, more than twelve hundred were covered by the items specified in this extraordinary bill. Six hundred were set down as the cost of six journeys to Paris, two hundred more for the notary's fees and travelling expenses, and a hundred and fifty-five more, all in all, as indemnity paid respectively to the cooks, waiters, and musicians engaged in advance for the nuptials, and to the landlord of the establishment where the "breakfast" was to take place. When I add an item of twenty-five francs for the loss incurred over the poultry that had to be sold back again, no surprise will be felt that various garments to be worn by the bride also figured in the statement. The poor people evidently were very "careful" in their business-like way of healing wounded affections, but, unfortunately, they were nonsuited by an unsympathetic Court.

THE COMPLETE SPORTSMAN.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. C. B. FRY.

The gentleman who sighed for fresh worlds to conquer was not more ambitious than Charles B. Fry of Oxford. He not alone sighs for fresh worlds to conquer, but sighs to conquer them all at the same time, so to speak. Nor is he at all a conquering-looking sort of individual, this happy young fellow of twenty-three, with his genial smile and animal spirits, though he carries his 5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and 12 st. with ease and dignity.

We have champions of everything, of course. There is the one and only "W. G." at cricket, and there are athletic and cycling champions out of number. Fry, if he is not a champion at all, is, at any rate, a really first-class performer at many sports, and those which he does not shine at are scarcely worth talking about. It is not many years since Fry burst upon the football world as a dashing Association back; then he came out as a cricket Blue; after this we had his running and long-jumping triumphs; and, finally, he electrified the world with his brilliant turn of speed as a Rugby three-quarter. Mr. Fry also plays golf, "badly," and billiards, "very badly"—though Mr. Fry's comparative scale may be above the average.

It was just after his grand performance at the Oval for the Gentlemen against the Players that a *Sketch* representative questioned the Dark Blue athlete.

"You must be fairly used to the applause of the public by this time, Mr. Fry?"

"I suppose you imply I am pretty precocious? It seems to me I have been mixed up with sport all my life. When I was at Repton School, under the tutorship of the Rev. A. Forman, I remember I was always eager to play cricket or football, or to run or to long-jump or to high-jump, though I never cultivated the high jump, albeit I was able to do 5 ft. 8 in. with ease. I could not have been older than fifteen



AN ICELAND COLLIE.
Photo by Mont Jacobs, Liverpool.

years when I won my first hundred yards, and ever since then, as you know, I have been fairly busy."

"You don't consider, then, that the enormous amount of athletics you indulge in is harmful?"

"If it is, I have never noticed it. In fact, it was owing to the lack of exercise I was getting that I took to Rugby football. Before that, I used to consider it a poor game, and 'scrummaging' unscientific. I soon found out my mistake, for I grew to like 'Rugger' better than Association, and it was therefore a bitter blow when I was prevented from accepting a place in the 'Varsity match through indisposition. Wing three-quarter work seems to suit me splendidly, for, as you may be aware, I can sprint a bit. In the Blackheath game last season, for instance, I secured the ball about twenty yards from the line, and nobody thought it worth while to run after me. Now, at Association I do not at all fancy myself. In my opinion, I am far too reckless and excitable for a back, who should be sedate, as it were."

"But I understand your ambition is to play forward for the Corinthians?"

"I have gone forward, where my speed serves me, but I am not worth a place there. Running ordinarily and running with the ball are totally distinct things. I believe my best time for the hundred yards is 10 2-5 sec., against Cambridge, but I have performed it privately inside evens. I had not been on a track nor jumped for a twelvemonth before this year's 'Varsity Sports."

"And yet you went in for the Jump?"

"I was selected as second string, and thought I might as well try. I was beaten by Mendelson, at a distance which I have frequently passed. Long-jumping should always be practised by runners."

"I see your running stands you in good stead between wickets, Mr. Fry," smiled the interviewer.

"Short runs are safe enough when you have a thorough understanding with your partner. Otherwise, I have the strongest objection to jeopardising your wicket for a few extra runs."

"Can you answer a riddle, Sir? Why is it you only made 0 and 1 against Cambridge University, and yet, against the finest professional bowling, you go in and score as easily as winking?"

"I will answer that by asking another. How is it that University bowling is so universally despised? It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that no amateur can send up a good ball. The critics seem to start with the preconceived conception that no Oxford or Cambridge man can bowl, and, having this thoroughly planted in their minds, they believe it, and do not trouble to look and see whether a man is bowling well or not. 'Oh! fellows at 'Varsity do not trouble to bowl,' they say; 'they simply go in for batting.' Now, making due allowance for the uncertainty of cricket, it is not very surprising that I should have failed against the Light Blues. We both had good teams, and the bowling was not poor, I can assure you. To my mind, amateurs would soon demonstrate their bowling powers if they had as much practice as the professionals, and the reason the latter generally supply the leader in the averages is because they are in such a great majority. Another theory of mine is that the fact of a man being a professional bowler injuriously affects a batsman, especially a professional batsman, and he fails to do himself justice. This is more particularly the case with a fast bowler like Richardson, fine man though he undoubtedly is. Personally, I would rather stand up to the Surrey man than to Woods; and, to tell you another secret, I find Tyler, also of Somerset, the most difficult bowler I ever met."

"Any other preferences?"

"Well, my favourite batting ground is Hove, and for bowling I like Lord's. You will be surprised to hear, too, that I find myself batting better on damp wickets than when they are very hard. When I got my hundred against Oxford, and, again, when I reached three figures against Gloucestershire, the wicket was rather difficult. I also hit up 115 against Somerset, 115 in the Freshmen's match, and 105 for the Eleven v. Next Fifteen, all in my first year at Oxford, when I went to Wadham College."

"And, I take it, you think highly of Oxford cricket?"

"Yes, I say it is far better than is generally supposed. I don't believe in the old cry that 'Varsity players are necessarily nervous when they appear at Lord's. One thing I do notice in Universities' matches, and that is that, owing to the constant shifting of silk hats in the Pavilion, one finds it difficult when batting to watch the bowler's arm."

"How do you get your qualification for Sussex County?"

"By birth I am a Surrey man, having first seen the light in Croydon; but my family has always been connected with Sussex, and so, as Surrey never sought my services, I joined the Seasiders. Poor, unlucky county!" sighed Mr. Fry; "they have more misfortune than any other county in England."

"I should say you will not have cause to grumble at lack of opportunity for bowling when you play for Sussex, Mr. Fry?"

"I like bowling, but I am no 'demon' at it. I will give you an instance. When playing for the Gentlemen of England against I Zingari, at Lord's, this season, I promised Mr. G. F. Vernon to give him a full-pitch to leg for his first ball, as it was his birthday. Having been bowling for some time before he came in, however, my arm was swinging so that, instead of bowling him a 'soft' one, I sent down a good-length ball, and he 'played on' for a 'duck.' I remember the look he gave me," laughed the popular Oxonian, "as he went out. 'Very good, Fry!' he exclaimed; 'next time, I'll make an arrangement with you to get me out!' And, you know," Fry concluded innocently, "it would have been a lot better if I had tried to."

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MR. C. B. FRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONDS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

KISMET.

BY WALTER RAMAL.

The man in the cart, when he reached the top of the long hill up which the old mare had been steadily plodding, was rejoiced to spy, against the whiteness of the road beyond, the figure of a man walking. For, although he was of a taciturn disposition, and loved not companionship, yet on this night he felt lonely ; at times, even, he had peered timorously between the trees that overshadowed the roadway, and had started in affright when the ring of the hoofs on the frozen ground had roused some bird from sleep, and the sound of its swift flight could be heard, growing gradually fainter, till hushed in the distance. Uncanny stories had flocked up from forgotten stores of memory, and, with the creeping of his flesh, haunting fancies had come that grim shapes were gathering behind him. With a shudder at the dread thought, he had pulled the collar of his heavy coat about his ears, and so had sat, fearful to breathe.

But now, as he leisurely drove down the steady decline, the sight of the lonely figure in the distance restored his forgotten courage ; defiantly he hummed under his breath a song brimming over with blasphemy against all midnight loiterers other than those of flesh, to which song the mare put back her ears, and hearkened in astonishment.

As he drew slowly nearer to the traveller, all sudden a great, deep voice came leaping through the cold night air, roaring out the swinging chorus of some song of the sea ; the man in the cart stopped dead in his crooning, and listened in amazement to the intense happiness that rang in every note. The music in the song seemed to run in his blood—a shudder shook him from head to foot. The song ceased so suddenly as it had begun ; the traveller had heard the noise of the approaching cart, and was now waiting at the side of the road till it should come up with him.

The driver pulled up near at hand, and eyed the stranger with some curiosity ; the mare also turned her head to gaze wonderingly at him for a moment, then shook herself, till every bit of metal on her harness rang again. The stranger startled the man in the cart when he spoke, so intent was he in his stare.

"How far might it be to Barrowmere ?" inquired the man on foot.

"Nigh on seven mile," replied the driver, with wonder in his brain at a man possessing the bravery to walk alone at midnight through the still country lanes.

"Thanks," said the stranger shortly, in a bluff, hearty voice, then turned as if to continue his tramp.

The driver watched him a few paces. "He's a seaman," he muttered to himself, "and I don't make no doubt but he's going home," after which reflection he was about to gather up the reins to continue his interrupted journey, when his whole face lit up at the brilliant charitable idea that, as he was going on the same course as the other, he should offer him a lift in the cart. His plump cheeks grew hot with virtuous pride as he shouted, "Hi ! was it Barrowmere ye said ?"

The man wheeled round smartly. "Barrowmere it was !" he sang out in answer.

"I be going to Barrowmere," said the driver ; "will ye climb up behind ?"

The stranger with the joyous voice strode back, and swung himself into the cart with a muscular jerk.

"P'r'aps ye will sit there," said the driver, pointing with the butt of his whip to a canvas-wrapt box at the bottom of the cart.

There the stranger sat himself down.

A peculiar smile sped over the driver's face as he shook the reins and drove on without another word.

By degrees he grew morose and sulky. He blamed the traveller for accepting his hospitable offer.

The stranger, who was muffled to the chin in a thick pea-jacket, made a vain attempt to converse with the driver, but, finding him unwilling and witless, he turned his attention to his more pleasant thoughts. His sun-browned face beamed at the thought of the meeting with his wife soon to come about, he chuckled audibly as he imagined her surprised delight, and he rubbed his hands for the twentieth time when the full subtlety of his little joke in not letting her know the day of his return was again forced upon him.

The full moon flooded the fields with light, making them appear even colder than in reality they were ; a very slight fall of snow and a sharp frost had clothed the trees and hedges in a shimmering glory of sparkling white. Not a sound was in the air save the buzz of the cart's wheels, the steady beat of the hoofs, and an occasional shuddering snort from the mare. The cold was severe, at times compelling both men to beat their arms upon their bodies to restore the running of their blood.

Maybe it was the intense silence, maybe the lonely hour of the night, that oppressed the spirits ; but there crept over the man of the sea, who aforight had been so rollicking in humour, a stern sobriety, a vague presage of impending disaster, an unreasonable mistrust of his former jollity, so that he sat dumb and perplexed on his seat in the cart, watching the sharp-drawn shadows of the trees upon the white road flat silently by, eyeing with stealthy suspicion the burly, bowed body of the driver, and the while ardently desiring the eager arms of his wife.

The traveller got upon his feet in the cart and peered over the driver's shoulder. He could see, down in the hollow, the first outlying cottage of

the village, and the blood surged up in his body as one by one the well-remembered landmarks of home came into view.

His heart yearned for the shelter of his house, for the kiss of the loved woman : he almost sobbed when he thought of the mate to his little craft, who knew no friend in the world to give him welcome.

The driver looked back over his shoulder at the stranger, and muttered huskily, "That be Barrowmere yonder."

The stranger heeded him not, but at the instant the notion came into his head that he would get down from the cart and travel the remainder of the journey on foot ; he would not that the surly man should see his glad meeting with his wife, so he tapped the driver on the shoulder. The man turned sulkily ; he was bidden to pull up, and obeyed with sullen tardiness. The seaman leaped out at the back, tossed a coin to the man, who pocketed it with a surly nod of thanks and drove on again ; a peculiar smile spread over his features as he muttered to some thing between the ears of the old mare.

"I do hope, now, he found it easy."

And the man of the sea was trudging slowly along the country lane towards his home ; he was rejoiced at being free from his unfriendly companion ; his good spirits began to return to him, when, on a sudden, the piteous, wailing howl of a dog struck upon his ears—terror seized upon him for a moment, so that he gasped for breath and trembled as he walked. Bitterly he cursed the land ; he vowed that he would carry his wife away to the great sea and never touch land again.

With almost unwilling footstep, he approached the bend in the road whence his cottage would come into view ; every tiny twig in the hedge-rows was white-gleaming, not a cloud obscured the living heavens, only the pitiless, cold stare of the moon upon all and the silence of death. It ate into the heart of the man as he walked ; he feared greatly, though he knew not why nor what manner of thing he feared. With bated breath, he turned the corner ; there lay his home, peaceful under the white moonlight ; but his surprise was great at seeing the cart he had journeyed in at a standstill before the little rustic gate. The man, apparently, had entered the house, for the horse was standing with hanging head, its reins tied to the gate-post, waiting its driver. He walked quietly towards the house, with that strange misgiving at his heart. When he reached it, he feared to enter. He looked into the cart ; the box he had used as a seat had gone. He made a weak attempt to laugh his fears down, but failed miserably.

The windows facing the roadway were in pitchy darkness ; not a sign was there that life was within. The seaman crept with muffled footsteps to the back of the house, and again sounded the chilling howl of a dog. He leant over the rough wooden rail and called softly. The dog—his dog—whined joyously, straining at its chain to welcome its master.

He leapt over the low fence ; the idea crossed his mind that he was straying round his own house as a thief in the night. He paused for a moment, perplexed at the sudden beam of light which dazzled his eyes. He glanced up to discover whence it came ; the curtains had been drawn across one of the windows, but had not met, thus leaving a narrow space through which the bright rays of light were streaming out upon the night from within—it was the window of his bedroom.

With fitful breath he crept over to the dog, and fondled it for a while, but still keeping his eyes fixed upon that lonely beam of light. The dog licked its master's hand in unrestrained joy at his return.

And there came into the man's mind a fervent desire to look in through that window. He struggled with himself to restrain the impulse, and to knock boldly at the door, but his wild forebodings and fears of unknown evil conquered him. He looked round for some means by which he might reach the window.

A large tree grew a few yards from the house, a bough of which jutted out towards the window ; he remembered that, when he had lain awake on summer nights gone by, he had heard it tapping against the pane. With reluctant steps, he crawled to the tree, clasped a projecting knot, and began to climb the weather-worn trunk. With much labour he scrambled on till at last he reached the bough that ran out towards the house. His hands were numb with the frost and cold. Slowly he crept on, trembling and panting, deadly fearful but smiling at his fears. One last painful effort, and he lay on the branch, with his face toward the window, the light beaming out into his blue eyes.

Gradually he grew accustomed to the glare ; he saw plainly into the room.

He saw the bed shrouded in a white sheet ; he saw the mother of his wife, kneeling at its head, bend over and gently lift the sheet ; he saw the still, pallid face of his dead wife ; he saw the driver of the cart pass across the rift between the curtains, carrying the coffin on which he had sat in his joyous ride to his home. A great rush of blood blinded his eyes and sang in his ears ; he clawed madly at the bough of the tree with his stiff fingers. As he swung in the air, his breath shook him, his teeth chattered and bit into his tongue. He heard with strange distinctness the whispering voices of the night, the stealthy movements in the little room ; he saw all things as he stared.

Gradually his clutching fingers relaxed ; the whole firmament seemed to reel. In his struggling flight through the air, his skull struck and cracked against a bossy branch ; his body turned limply, and fell with a dead thud, broken and lifeless, upon the turf beneath.

The dog crawled nearer, shivering and dismayed : it licked the bloody hand of its master, then threw up its head to give tongue to a long-drawn howl of terror.



THE LATEST IN HATS.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



ASLEEP.



AWAKE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

WOMEN'S COSTUME EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

Compared with the extravagant costumes and methods of hair-dressing which were prevalent during the last decade of the eighteenth century, the fashions about the time of the Battle of Waterloo and soon after, figured in the accompanying illustrations, appear comparatively tame and quiet. Although the general style of dress is of a character which clearly belongs to a bygone age, it is only necessary to contrast these illustrations with the fashions now in vogue to discover a good deal of common-sense and a large amount of artistic merit in the earlier costumes. The natural lines of beauty are followed with a happy effect, for the like of which we should look in vain among the absurdly exaggerated sleeves and attenuated waists of the present day; and in the moderate use of jewellery and ornamentation there are evidences of no small degree of taste and skill on the part of the costumiers of 1815 and 1816.

The short evening-dress of pale-amber silk, with the high waist customary in those days, its rich lace sleeves, full at the shoulders, and its quillings of lace around the bosom, was a pleasing and effective costume. The hair, in loose curls in front, is turned up behind on to the top of the head, and is ornamented with a bunch of pink roses skilfully attached to the side of the head. Necklace and bracelets are of pearls, gloves of white French kid, and slippers of white kid with blue rosettes to match the trimming of the dress and the blue silk girdle around the waist.

The opera-dress of pink silk, with a lace ruffle around the neck and at the bottom of the skirt, is matched by a very charming pink bonnet, nearly covered with roses artistically arranged. A white silk wrap or scarf, ornamented by coloured flowers, is held in the hands; and a black silk cloak, with floral embroidery on the margins, fits closely over the shoulders, descends to considerably below the knee, is open in front, and caught up close to the waist by a black silk girdle. The sleeves of the dress are curious, and not entirely pleasing. The gloves are of yellow kid, and the laced shoes of white kid.

In the ball-dress of white satin, with its pretty sleeves and stiffened frills, its low-cut neck, and its festoons of roses around the bottom of the skirt, we have a charming combination of simplicity and elegance. White and pink are the only colours employed. Pink roses decorate the hair, the skirt, and the delicately fashioned kid dancing-shoes. The necklace consists of a double row of pearls with a pendent jewel consisting of a cluster of four pearls, and the long gloves are also of white kid.

The last-named articles in this costume, as also in two of the other illustrations here given, have a curiously *négligé* appearance. These articles of dress have undergone, in the course of centuries, an almost endless variety of shapes, styles, ornaments, and materials. To such an extravagant extent did the rage for gloves grow in time, that a woman of fashion, about the middle of the eighteenth century, almost invariably

One of the chief points of interest in connection with the Saxe-Coburg costume, in addition to the free use of jewellery and the style of head-dress, is the curiously shaped muff held in the lady's right hand. It is composed of white silk, elaborately fulled and gathered, and of capacious proportions. This illustration, in fact, furnishes a useful contribution to the history of this interesting article of feminine attire.



BALL-DRESS.



SAXE-COBURG ROBE.

From the earliest periods of society, furs and skins of various species have been used wholly or partially as human clothing, yet it is somewhat remarkable that the muff, as a special article for the protection of the hands, does not seem to have been invented before the fifteenth century. At quite an early period in their history, muffs were composed of velvet, and lined with fur, thus, very sensibly, bringing the warm fur into direct contact with the hands which it was intended to protect from the cold. The early Venetian muffs were made of a single band of velvet, brocade, or silk, lined with fine fur, and cylindrical in form. The extremities were partially closed, in such a way as to afford space for the hands, by means of buttons of orient crystals, pearls, or gold.

It is interesting to note at what an early stage in its history the muff was made to serve as an emblem of rank. During the latter half of the fifteenth century the simple citizen folk of France were allowed to carry only black muffs, while the right to carry muffs of sumptuous make and various colours was restricted to ladies of the highest condition. Its introduction into this country has been traced to the period of the reign of Charles II. Its use was by no means confined to the fair sex, as it was commonly carried by gentlemen during the great frosts. Sometimes feathers were used instead of fur, and this is especially true of the latter part of the last century, when muffs were of enormous size, and when it was the foolish custom to wear them indoors and at the theatre; indeed, muffs in the olden days, as at present, were often used quite as much for elegance as for comfort.

E. II.

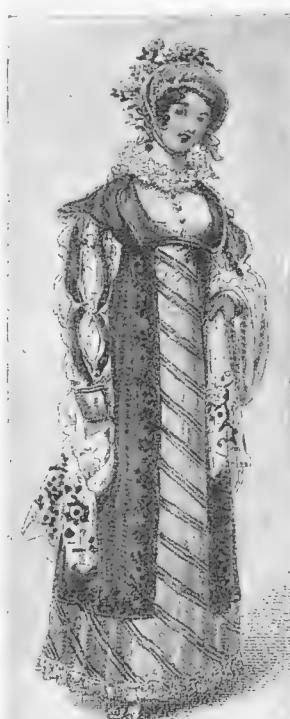
TO SCOTLAND.

The three great railway systems that invade Scotland are once more in the throes of active competition. The most notable advance has been on the West Coast route, by which the trains leaving London at 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. reach Aberdeen at 7 a.m. and 10.40 a.m. On the East Coast route accelerations have also been made. The 8 p.m. train from King's Cross has been expedited to arrive at Edinburgh at 3.45 a.m., Perth 5 a.m., and Aberdeen 6.45 a.m. The 10 p.m. train now reaches Edinburgh at 6.20 a.m., Perth 8.16 a.m., and Aberdeen 9.45 a.m. A through carriage for Port William and stations on the new West Highland Railway will be attached to this train. Although these times are the quickest on record, they are not attained by any considerable increase of speed, but are the result of the through Scotch express trains being brought up to the speed of other fast expresses which have been running for some years, and of the taking out of certain intermediate stops.

On the Midland Railway the Scotch arrangements include first- and third-class dining carriages by both morning and afternoon trains. For the night traveller, sleeping-cars, pillows, and other acceptable accommodations are available. For the benefit of those who do not wish to leave England, a varied choice of resorts is offered, including the Isle of Man and the English Lake District. A brief sketch of the many places to which the Midland Company can conduct the traveller are chronicled in their newly issued "Illustrated Pocket Guide."



EVENING-DRESS.



OPERA-DRESS.

changed her gloves four or five times in a day. The poets who scribbled for the fashion-books and almanacks of the last century celebrated the glove in their songs—

I love the Glove that covers quite
The rounded arm it rests upon;
I take it off with what delight!
With what delight I put it on!
If true it is through mystery
A lover's bliss will higher move,
How dear that little hand should be
Which hides itself beneath a Glove!



THE BATHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

PLEASANT CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.*

A book has just come into my hands which I strongly advise everyone to read who is doubtful where to go for a holiday. It is called "Wild England of To-Day," and is written by Mr. C. J. Cornish, who lately gave us a book of clever "Zoo"-reflections. Perhaps it was because the preface said that most of the papers (it is a collection of papers) had appeared in the *Spectator* that I began to read it. For, as a naturalist, I confess to being just a little bit shy of the average Nature-book that comes out nowadays, so seductively got up, so prettily written, and—so inaccurate. It was once, for a short time, my misfortune to have charge of a weekly paper, and that experience revealed the fact that aspirants to journalism fell pretty generally into two classes, namely, those who were sure they could write on Nature, and those who were sure they could write on Art. They chose these as being just the two subjects which seemed to require no particular knowledge! But to write on Natural History is a responsible mission, made more so by the fact that the mass of your readers cannot criticise your statements. A few of them can. I lent an old forester, the other day, one of the most

even the fishing-boats anchored within the reef of rocks, soon wore out the strength of the ducks. Company after company rose and skinned swiftly up and down, seeking some smoother and more sheltered spot, and, finding none, turned their backs to the wind, and, rising high and fast, abandoned the effort to keep the sea, and flew with extraordinary speed high over the cliffs. In half an hour after the rising of the first flock, every duck had left the salt water, and flown in to face the dangers of the sheltered waves inland. The storm had beaten them.

But the next paper, "The Frozen Shore," is first-rate also, and it ends with this delightful touch—

We inquired of the man (an old man-of-war's man) whether he had any prawns. "Yes," he said, "one—a beauty," and taking off his cap, he exhibited an enormous live prawn sitting inside! . . . "And do you ever put a lobster in your cap?" we inquired. "No, Sir," he replied; "if I haven't anywhere else, I puts 'em in my buzzum!"

The Abbotsbury Swannery is eight hundred years old, and Mr. Cornish, in one of the best papers in the book, gives a picturesque and vivid account of it at the present time, and traces the story of its fortunes, for these have varied very much. There are a thousand swans at Abbotsbury now, but fifteen hundred was the number before the great frost of '81.



THE OSPREY.

popular of these books, and he brought it back with these words: "There's lots in that 'ere book, Sir, that ain't true. He doesn't give his name, I see" (it was under a *nom de plume*); "but I wonder, now, wherever he's been brought up?" A perfectly fair verdict.

The writer of "Wild England of To-Day," judged by the present work, is not a naturalist—in the serious sense of the word. Here and there, though not often, he lets slip an inaccuracy which seems to betray the amateur. For instance, "the rarest and shyest of the birds of the Northern forest" is his comment on the crossbill, a bird which is distributed (and often in immense congregations) from above the Arctic Circle in Scandinavia down to Africa, and eastwards to Kamschatka and to China itself; a bird, moreover, which is so little shy that when, standing in full view at close quarters, with a tiny collecting-gun, you have shot one, others will keep dropping down into the same little larch-tree to be shot—if you should want them.

The moral of the above surely is, "Don't put anything down, even in a popular book, for which you have not an unassailable foundation in fact."

Mr. Cornish need not make these slips, because he is a capital observer, and what he gives us at first-hand is all we could possibly want. Perhaps he is at his best in the three first papers, and when he is at his best he is very good indeed. What could be more distinctly charming than this, from a paper called "Sea-fowl and the Storm"?—

Exhausted with the constant tossing out at sea, the ducks crowded to the edge of a long reef, or ledge of rocks, and, for a time, rode uneasily just outside the breakers. But the rush of the tide soon drowned the rocks, and turned the ledge into a white and tumbling lake of foam. Then the ducks shifted once more out to sea, rising uneasily, and flying from place to place, like flocks of starlings. A pair of Brent Geese, looking as black and heavy as cormorants against the toppling waves, seemed determined to ride out the gale. But the constant rushing seas, which wrenched from their moorings and flung on shore

The frost in that winter caused the greatest disasters from which the swannery has suffered during the present generation. A heavy north-west gale drove so much water out of the Fleet that, when the frost came, the ice caught and embedded the top of the grasses which grow on the submarine fields below. As the water returned to its normal level, the ice rose with it, and dragged all the grass up by the roots, thus destroying, over the whole area, the main food of the swans. For the next three years the swans had to be fed with grain; but at first they refused to touch the new food, and one thousand adult swans perished of starvation. Though the grass has now grown again, the birds have never lost their liking for the corn which they at first refused.

"English Animals in Snow" is a suggestive little paper, and very charmingly put. "Sundown in Shotley Wood," again about the creatures of the dusk, and especially the hedgehog (the Rikki-tikki-tavi of our jungles here), is told with a quaint grace. Sometimes these are merely *lettres d'occasion* ("Wild-Rabbit Farming," for instance), yet they are shrewd, discriminating, and contain much that it is useful to have.

But it is not for these that the book will be read, but rather as a Baedeker for the Nature-lover; and I am very much mistaken if many a hard-won holiday is not spent this year within reach of the beauties of Poole and Christchurch, near the well-known Surrey Ponds, or the White Horse Hill, under the inspiration of "Wild England of To-Day."

AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE.

A BACHELOR'S BURDEN.

When I was sick, you came to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

The dingy room till then seemed bare,
Your presence made it almost fair,

Your voice was sweetest minstrelsy.

I quite forgot the ugly chintz,
The dull, depressing German prints

That traced the story of "The Fall";

The paper pansies on the wall,
The carpet with its faded tints.

The sun himself came in your train,
And streaming through the window pane,

Lit up my little high-perched room,

And drove away the ghastly gloom
That I had tried to flee in vain.

I never dreamed you'd come that day
To see me, though I stricken lay;

And though your heart, perchance, was sore,
I thought you would not cross my door,

Since Fashion's law pronounces Nay.

Alack-a-day! we halt; and yet,
Whatever comes, I can't forget

You dared to climb my winding stair
When I was sick.

P. S. O.

MISS SOLDENE ON "GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT."

[Miss Emily Soldene has just returned to this country, after a long residence in Australia. The following article from her pen gains an additional interest from the fact.—Ed.]

"Geneviève de Brabant"—opera-bouffe, libretto adapted from the French, by Henry Brougham Farnie; music adapted from Offenbach—*e tutti quanti di Maestri*—by ditto, ditto, ditto; produced at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, Nov. 10, 1871, under the management of Mr. Charles Morton and the direction of Miss Emily Soldene—was the sort of success that waits upon one once in a lifetime. There was

much trial and tribulation to be gone through before the production, and much curiosity was exhibited by the profession when it was known a new opera-bouffe was on the stocks at that "out-of-the-way place" up in the north. Many western magnates (when they thought of such an insignificant establishment at all) considered the whole proceeding an impertinence that would certainly reap the reward of its daring in utter annihilation. The opera being non-copyright, and Farnie not wishing to be anticipated or forestalled, the title was kept a profound secret, many fictitious names and wonderful and varied aliases being inscribed on the parts used for study. In the beginning, I had great difficulty in bringing Mr. Morton up to the scratch. He jibbed; and was financially

THE GENDARMES.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

faddy. Besides, he did not like Farnie—said "Farnie and failure" were synonymous, "or words to that effect." But Farnie was finessful. Constant dripping wears away a stone, so, ultimately, matters were arranged, and the work went into rehearsal.

The following people were in the original cast: Miss Selina Dolaro played the Duchess (*Geneviève*); Mr. John Rouse, the Duke; Miss Clara Vesey, Oswald (the Duke's favourite Page); Mr. Edward Mershell and M. Félix Bury, the immortal Gendarmes, Graburge and Full-Private Piton; Mr. J. B. Rae, the Burgomaster; Mr. Lewens, Golo; Mr. "Charlie" Morton, the Hermit; and Alfred the Potman made a great success as the Rooster, crowing brilliantly and disgusting all the "gone-to-bed-early" chanticleers in the neighbourhood. Miss Vaughan (not Kate) played Brigitte; Miss Ada Lee, Philibert; and Miss Emily Soldene, Drogan (a Pastry-cook). Need I say that with these artists were associated numberless and bewitching beauties, disguised as Maids-of-Honour, as Pages, as Citizen Boys, as Citizen Girls, as Watteau Shepherds, as Watteau Shepherdesses, &c.? There was considerable friction, and many fights, among these lovely ones, each being convinced of her own particular fitness for (in every scene and tableau) standing at the corner of the stage, basking in the bold advertisement of the foot-lights, the admiring, curious gaze of the public, and the occasional and furtive and fitful gleams of the limelight (The limelight was, in those days, an unknown quantity, and would "fizz" and "sis-ss" and "sparkle" and "splash" and "splutter," and finally, at the most critical moment, with a loud and alarming "swish," would disappear altogether).

We rehearsed the piece six weeks, and no end of changes were made in the cast, especially in the small and it don't-matter-much-if-the-girl's-good-looking parts. Mr. Farnie was most *exigeant* in this department, and a new and handsome girl, received with enthusiasm, and declared by him to be the exact thing for the part to-day, would frequently be pronounced by the same authority on the morrow "totally unfitted for the proposed position." At last came the great, the crucial day or night—the dress-rehearsal. A dress-rehearsal twenty-three years ago was a nearly unheard-of thing in England. As a rule, the costumier brought the costumes into the theatre on the night of the first performance at five minutes to eight, and thought you ought to be awfully obliged by their arriving at all. Everybody's dress would be too tight in the bust and too loose in the waist, or *vice versa*. General confusion and disgust prevailed, and productions suffered. When the papers next morning noticed that a favourite artist was "evidently handicapped by excessive nervousness," it would probably be a matter of hooks-and-eyes. The rages and storms, and, if it had not been for spoiling one's "make-up," the tears of a first night! The distracted stage-manager: "Look a 'ere, Mr. Smith," says the prize beauty of the theatre, by the side of whose effulgence the prima-donna pales into insignificance; "I won't go on. Wy, hi'm a reg'lar sight, I ham." "You look lovely, Miss de Vere,"

sweats the diplomatic and sorely tried one. "Go on, my dear, and 'save' the piece." The show page-girl (5 ft. 11½ in.) strolls leisurely down to the first entrance. "Why ain't you in your right place?" screams the exasperated man. "You know you go on with the King up in four. You'll get your cue in a minute." The magnificent creature turns round slowly; her back is open five inches. "Oh, for God's sake!" calls he to the rushing-about, breathless, and nearly "hout o'er mind" wardrobe mistress, "fasten Miss de la Chandos's dress; she'll be on in a second." The dress is inspected and found to be so undeveloped and so deficient in detail that, though ostensibly built for the finest girl in the theatre, it is an aggravating and very open question whether it is meant to fasten in the front or the back. Then the shoes (when they arrived at all) were always damp, and so beastly short they made one limp, or so disgustingly long that you fell over your own toes. And the buttons! Language fails when you come to the buttons, which invariably (more invariably in "a quick change") flew up to the ceiling at the mere sight of a button-hook. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Farnie, with his foreign notions, which were nearly all good, introduced the dress-rehearsal, and the benefit to first performances cannot be overestimated. In the first place, when you get into your costume, it fills the mind with ideas that somehow do not seem to evolve in your private dress. I am talking of the natural and impressionist school, that takes its thoughts and feelings from surrounding circumstances, and absorbs local colour and expression from its environments, not of the Delsartian and wooden cult formed on a semaphore-signal basis and the presumed entire absence of impulse and emotion. Then, in the second place, it gives you confidence; you know your appearance is all right, you do not experience that horrid "new clothes" feeling; you have worn and gone through the part in them. The sartorial arrangements are perfect, and there is nothing to distract your mind from the exposition of your art.

Our dress-rehearsal was the sort of thing you can remember for a long time: a tale of woe, of disaster, of profane language, of offensive and personal remarks, of bursting buttons and lost and misapplied and "impossible-to-recollect" lines, of wrong notes in the band-parts (generally in the double-bass and clarinet)—"Good God, Sir! here we've rehearsed for a fortnight, and now you find you've got a wrong note!" and the conductor climbs over the musicians, and the music-stands shiver and totter on their uncertain bases, and all the "parts" (many of them loose sheets) fall to the ground. Then the scenery won't go right, but will go wrong, and Miss Somebody, in an access of nerves, forgets her cadenza. "Cut it out!" roars Farnie, with sulphurous adjectives. "But," remonstrates the tearful girl. "Cut it out!" And language unfit for her Majesty's drawing-room dies away at the back of the pit. Mr. Morton sits in a front seat, and severe judgment, at the end of the first act, he confides to me. "There's nothing in it, simply nothing in it; utter failure! And as for your part, why, you do nothing!" These frank expressions exactly reflect my own feelings, and no words can do justice to my depression. The second act was even worse than the first. The band-parts for my "Sleep Song" were not ready; the limelight "medium" was wrong and converted my Rimmel's complexion into a coat of many and unbecoming colours. Everything was too dreadful! The only satisfying ones were the Gendarmes, who seemed to have some funny lines, and, *mirabile dictu*, knew them, too. I had a sick headache, and Mr. Morton and the distinguished Adapter had a few words, after which Farnie and I adjourned to the theatre front door-step, and he eased his mind by saying sultry and irreverent things about people in general and the management in particular. Then we two weary ones, partners in this great breakdown and unequalled frost, shook hands in dull and doleful and downcast commiseration with each other, and went our respective ways, chewing the cud of bitter and sorrowful reflections.

Next morning—it was on a Saturday, a memorable Saturday, the Saturday we all expected the Prince of Wales would die—at ten o'clock there came a messenger in hot haste with a letter from Mr. Morton. A terrible thing had happened. Farnie had gone, fled, disappeared, packed his carpet-bag for parts unknown, leaving the disconsolate "Geneviève" to her deserved and disgraceful fate. What was to be done? "Would I come to the theatre at once?" I went, taking my unimpaired headache with me,



MR. J. B. RAE AS THE BURGOMASTER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

and found everything in a dreadful confusion. During the rehearsals Mr. Farnie had conducted everything *vivâ voce*—scenes, lights, gas, limelight, &c. He was gone, and there were no “plots”; the men could not work. From 10.30 a.m. till 6.30 p.m. the people rehearsed, and I went through the opera with them, and made out all the plots, for scenes, lights, &c. Fortunately everybody was too much on the alert to need “calls,” and that trouble was spared; but all the music cues had to be written in, and at 7 p.m. I was sitting on the floor—no, on the green-baize stage-cloth—cross-legged, like a Turk; cross-tempered, like a Turk—tired to death, voiceless, hopeless, but going to “try,” if I died for it—rehearsing, in a whisper, the “Sleep Song.”

The success of that night was a record-breaker—the enthusiasm, the applause, the crowded house! The piece went with a snap and a “vim.” Everybody recollects every word and made every point. The gaiety of the audience was infectious. Every line, every topical allusion, was given with dash and received with shouts of laughter. How everybody worked for the general good (it is impossible to overpraise their loyalty); how Mr. Morton came on the stage, and “took it all back,” and congratulated, and thanked, and treated everybody; how a certain gentleman named Clement Scott sat in the front, and was good to us, and wrote a half-column notice, which, appearing next morning in the *Observer*, made a certain singer famous as Drogan, and grateful for ever. All these things live, fresh and remembered, in some hearts. The opera was well put on—at the “Phil.” everything was done very thoroughly; great attention was paid to realistic detail. Of course, as everybody has known for hundreds of years, the Duchess Geneviève’s situation at a certain period in history—also in the opera—was more interesting than correct or proper; and, as an instance of the sort of carefulness that was exercised to provide a perfect *ensemble*, I may mention that, five months after the production, Madame Selina Dolaro presented to an admiring world a girl-baby, and it was called “Geneviève.”

On the Monday following the eventful and never-to-be-forgotten first night, Mr. Farnie reappeared at the theatre. He had “been to Brighton.” He did not apologise for his absence; he had read the papers. “Of course, he knew it would be a success, in spite of the wooden-headed management.” Mr. Farnie was constitutionally shy, not to say afraid, of the Press, and, when “Geneviève de Brabant” was first announced, would not allow his name to appear in any bill or advertisement. But with the second issue he had no such scruples, and gave up his *incognito* as an eminently eligible thing to get away from. The second performance was good: big house, lots of enthusiasm. “H. B. F.” sat in a private box, watching it from beginning to end. At the finish he came on the stage. The people flocked round, expecting a little speech, thanking them for pulling it through so splendidly. What he said was, “Everybody to-morrow morning, eleven sharp!”

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Regular racegoers are well acquainted with the advertising tipsters, many of whom are men of the highest respectability. A celebrated tipster and Turf telegraphist is Mr. J. Dickinson, of Horatio House,

Leeds, better known as “Good Old Jack.” Old Jack and his staff are to be found at work on every racecourse the year round, watching the horses at exercise; and by strict integrity, truthfulness, and the greatest civility, Old Jack has won the respect of the whole racing community, and it is a very common thing to see a nobleman purchase his card, while the democratic fraternity patronise Jack’s “pinches” regularly. Mr. Dickinson began in a very small way of business, by selling a packet of lemon-drops and a tip for a penny, and he did a roaring trade at that. Now, however, he sends out hundreds of wires

daily; he also sells several hundred cards on the course. He has for years, on the Doncaster St. Leger day, sold over two thousand of his cards. The old champion is now in a state of affluence. He owns several racehorses, and wins prizes in his turn. Old Jack is much sought after by the men who want to know something, and, if there is a good thing to be found, he often finds it. He has an attractive manner, is quiet, obliging, and does not go in for empty bounce. I shall always be glad to know of Old Jack’s well-being.

It is a puzzle to know how all the racecourse followers—I mean, the itinerant merchants who sell cards, pencils, fruit, fish, and so on—

manage to exist and travel from meeting to meeting. I am told that some few of them make a haul occasionally by finding out good things and giving these to the amateur plunger; but the itinerant merchant is, as a rule, a born gambler, and, if he has a bit of good luck to-day, he is generally down again before the week is out. There are, though, exceptions to this rule. Two gentlemen who have of late years owned some winners began life as sellers of race-cards.

Racing, from now to the end of the flat season, ought to be good, and it is just possible that the Nursery Handicaps will yield better than ever. I hear good accounts of the jumpers, so that we can confidently look forward to a busy winter, barring frost and snow. Many of our leading amateur riders have been on the Continent, riding in races, during the last two months, so they will not lack practice when our season opens. The professionals, of course, ride at exercise and in rough gallops the year through, and are always as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

Sir Visto will, I think, run a good race for the St. Leger, and I, for one, shall be disappointed if he does not win the prize for the ex-Premier, who, I know, thinks his colt will succeed at Doncaster. By-the-way, I am told the following story about the Derby winner. It appears as though the late Premier, Lord Rosebery, is in the habit of taking some cognisance of what sporting writers say. More than one of those gentlemen declared forcibly, prior to the Blue Riband, that Sir Visto’s chance was not a good one, because he would not be able to come down the hill in a style required of Derby winners. Well, the day before the decision of the great race, Lord Rosebery put this to the test. At ten o’clock in the morning, he and one or two others went over to Tattenham Corner to watch how the horse came down the slope in a racing gallop. The style in which Sir Visto did the piece he was declared unable to do set all doubts at rest in the minds of everybody who saw the spin, for, to use the words of one of the eye-witnesses, “he came down there like a rocket.”

Races have taken place at Worcester for many years. They used to be held in August and November, the summer meeting extending over three days, and attracting large numbers of spectators. The town of Worcester was, under the name of Caer Guorongon, enumerated by Nimius in his catalogue of the cities of the Britons, by whom, for the advantages of its situation, near a fordable part of the river Severn and on the confines of a thick forest, it was selected as a place of strength and security.

Probably the Chester Cup is the oldest known race in England, although it may have been run under different names. But it is an admitted fact that a horse-race for a silver bell was instituted at Chester in 1511. Anthony Trollope states that it was decided on the same Rood Eye, or Island of Cross, which was once the Campus Martius of the Chester youth. In 1609 the bell was converted into three silver cups, and, in 1623, for the three cups was substituted “one faire silver cuppe” of about the value of eight pounds. Admitting that the Chester Cup is identical with the race established in the time of Henry VIII., it is three and a-half times as old as the Derby or St. Leger.

The old Windsor Races were originated over two hundred years ago, and, like Doncaster, the meeting was a Corporation affair, and, on the evening of the race-meeting, fashionable dances were held in the Windsor Town Hall, under the patronage of the Mayor and Corporation. Early in the present century, the Windsor fixtures were sometimes decided on Ascot Heath, on account of the Meadows being flooded.

Many little cab-owners follow the meetings and ply for hire. You may meet them at Doncaster, York, Newmarket, Windsor, Sandown, and, of course, at Goodwood and Lewes. I learn this week, however, why the regular racecourse cabbies are never to be found at Brighton. It seems that they would be required to take out a borough licence for this meeting only, and, of course, it would not pay them to do so. However, some of the regular racecourse cabbies get a little by driving to Brighton, *en route* to Lewes, and, when at London-by-the-Sea, they hire their horses out to the local owners for change-horses during the race-meeting.

A newspaper proprietor, who has probably made more money than anyone else at his profession, once told me that an interesting paper could always be made out of the contents of the sub-editor’s waste-paper basket. I often think my old master was right. For instance, in the course of a year I get thousands of queries from correspondents which, were I allowed to print them, would be good reading. Unfortunately, however, “Private,” “Confidential,” “Not for publication,” &c., bar the way. I give one specimen, not marked “Private,” received a day or two back—

I send you copies of a circular and weekly balance-sheet, similar to several which have been for some time past sent to a friend of mine. (1) Can you tell me anything as to the respectability of Mr. ——? (2) Is the affair a swindle? or, (3) is the “balance-sheet” enclosed a particularly favourable one, made up? and, (4) are not the chances under the system likely to eventually “land” my friend? I am quite a greenhorn, and, although my friend could afford to lose a bit, I would rather he didn’t. He is suspicious, but the balance-sheets are, nevertheless, tempting.

I need scarcely add that the balance-sheet was calculated to give myself (an old bank clerk) the blues, and I regret that I could not give the matter more than a cursory glance. However, I make a rule never to advise on betting systems and betting disputes, therefore I have a stereotyped answer for all those writing on these matters.



J. DICKINSON.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The choice of the new Royal Academicians will be welcomed with general satisfaction by Englishmen. Mr. E. Onslow Ford is so excellent a craftsman, with so fine a record and so great a quality, that, more than any living sculptor in England, he has deserved such honours as the great institutions of his country can confer upon him. Mr. W. B. Richmond, though we may frankly confess that he has not so pre-eminent a rank among English painters as Mr. Onslow Ford has among English sculptors, is a conscientious and deserving artist. If he has not set the

three p.m. to seven p.m. During that period of time the total number of attendances was 262,810, of which 19,732 represented the Sunday visitors. Reduced to average figures, therefore, it appears that on week-days 350 attendances per hour were recorded, and on Sundays 379. After that, who would care to come with any hostile words upon the Sunday opening of so innocent an exhibition for the pleasure of so many. The thing is made more convincing by a letter from Mr. A. G. Temple, the Director of the Gallery, to Alderman Treloar, in the course of



THE AVENUE, WROXHAM, NORFOLK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES GEARD.

Thames on fire, he has, at all events, lit several candles which give quite an appreciable light. He has waited quite long enough for the full recognition that now has been accorded to him.

We devoted some words last week to the praise of that most excellent annual institution, the Loan Collection of Pictures at the Guildhall. Some details of its history for the past year are now to hand, and may serve to emphasise and confirm that praise. The Exhibition was open to the public from April 3 to July 21, which includes in all seventy-seven week-days, from ten a.m. to seven p.m., and thirteen Sundays, from

which he says: "There is no question, to my mind, that the bulk of those who attend on Sundays is of the small shop-keeping class, who would find it next to impossible to attend on week-days." Mr. Treloar adds that it should be remembered that last year the Loan Exhibition was specially advertised by the opposition to Sunday opening, which makes the result all the more satisfactory.

The exhibition of the works of students in various National Schools of Art is now on view at the South Kensington Museum, and, if you take it all in all, it is a highly meritorious show. Some notion of the trouble

involved in making selection may be gathered from the fact that, from 269 Schools of Art and branch schools, 47,978 works were sent in; from 359 Science Schools, the number was 47,757; and from 426 Art Classes, 10,316. Out of this endless field for selection, 4044 works were chosen for the National Competition, to which have been granted eight gold medals, eighteen silver medals, 177 bronze medals, and some 420 prizes

in line and in the order of their narrative, as these pictures used to hang. And now, if you please, two of them hang together, one *above* the other; and the third hangs on quite a distant wall-place, with another picture of the same size, but having no connection with the story, hanging over it. Could anything be more unpardonable? And we may add that these do not represent a tithe of the absurd and irritating changes which are destroying the old familiar appearance of the National Gallery.



THE SALVATION ARMY.—UGO CATANI.
Photo by Bedford Lemere, Strand.

of books. It would be tedious to record the names of the medal-winners, but it is interesting to note the various ambitions in art which have secured the successful result.

The eight medals were gained for the following: Designs for book-illustrations, modelled design for a panel, two designs for an art gallery, model of figure from the antique, monochrome painting from the antique, a design for wall-decoration, and studies of historic styles of ornament. Then there were honorary medals awarded for chalk-drawing from the antique, for sketches of staircases, and modelled designs for a candlestick and pencil. If that does not show variety, there is no such thing as variety in the world. And, as a matter of fact, much of this student work was really very creditable, and contained a good deal of promise. Moreover, such an exhibition is a guarantee of the excellent work which is being done by the South Kensington Museum and the authorities who are responsible for its policy.

Now that the art world is, more or less, entered upon the borders of peace and rest, there is an opportunity for making some protest against much of the change that is taking place at the National Gallery. We take it that, in regard to an institution of this kind, which is, as it were, a popular possession, a strict conservatism, within the bounds of reason, should be, and must be, severely followed. If it ever enters into the educative life of the people, it should be allowed to remain as nearly as possible unchanged in general detail. Pictures should possess their places as of royal right. The casual frequenter of so noble a gallery should know where he may pause, for the few hurried moments he can afford, for the refreshment of this or that production of art.

And now, apparently from no other motive than a desire to be meddlesome for the sake of meddling, pictures are changing places as though the National Gallery were the Director's drawing-room. What earthly motive can there be, for example, for transferring Van Eyck's splendid portrait of the Arnolfinis from its ancient wall-place to a silly screen that takes you half an hour to find? Why, again, should Moroni's "Tailor," whose place has been familiar to us for years, be not only transferred to a wall where the surrounding colour lowers its tone disastrously, but be clumsily set in a new frame of the vulgarest clap-trap species of decoration, the blatant gold of which utterly ruins the cool browns and greys of that delightful work?

The worst crime, perhaps, has been perpetrated in the hanging of the three pictures that tell the story of Griselda. If there ever was a law about the hanging of a serial set of pictures, it is that they should hang

To retrace the distinctly marked progressive march of photography, one cannot but wonder whether or not there is a limit to what will, in time, be accomplished by it. Starting with the picture—which often-times could be seen only by adjusting it to a proper angle in the light, and which was secured by keeping the "victim" sitting in a bright sunlight for some minutes (just take out your watch and note how long a time one minute is)—we, at the present time, can, by dropping numberless pennies into numberless slots, see numberless events, from a bootblack at his humble vocation to an Emperor reviewing his troops, with every motion delineated with absolute correctness.

Instantaneous photographs of movements, which even the eye was not quick enough to detect, or a series of figures in sufficiently rapid succession to represent movement, are not new; but to be able to bring twelve hundred sensitive surfaces before one lens in one minute, and secure as many pictures, was left until Blair's Rollable Film, made in any reasonable lengths, without joins or seams, became a reality, and, when made, the Kinetoscope was possible; and Edison was the first to take advantage of this. The possibilities in this direction of photography dazzle the brain of the thinker. This film has been in use in America for three or four years, but it is only within the past year that the English factory was completed, which has enabled English and European scenes, like the Derby and the opening of the Baltic Canal, to be secured. Not only does such a film, made as perfect and reliable as it now is, open up possibilities in this direction, but for the amateur photographers—who are approaching dangerously near a majority—particularly, it is sure to be a boon. It admits of cameras being made at much less cost, as well as being lighter and more easily used, and, as a proof of this, the makers of the film sell a tastily finished camera, called "The Bullseye," making pictures $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. (lantern-slide size), for thirty-six shillings, which gives most excellent results; and a supply of film is included, put up in what is termed "Light Proof Film Cartridge" form, which enables the user to make an indefinite number of exposures without being compelled to go to a dark-room for changing, as the cartridges are placed in the camera and taken from it in daylight.



FAITH.—UGO CATANI.
Photo by Bedford Lemere, Strand.

A NEW ARTIST.

Signor Ugo Catani, a Florentine, whose very interesting exhibition at the St. George's Gallery has created so wide an interest in artistic circles, is quite a new-comer in the Old World, for he chose Australia as the field of his earliest work. He is Italian by birth, parentage, education, and sympathies, and has all the artistic tastes of his countrymen most strongly developed in him. After leaving school, he went to the University of Pisa to study for the law, and in that course graduated with honours. From dry law to art is a far cry, but it was a summer

value of his paintings, Signor Catani should be most heartily congratulated on the originality which he has displayed in his framing. The frame of "Faith" is almost a dignified work of art, while that which surrounds the "Maidens with Timbrels" deserves more than passing notice. Signor Catani certainly has the artistic temperament developed in every possible way, and he is much delighted at the kindly way in which he has been received into the artistic world of London. He left Melbourne on account of ill-health, and only landed here late in May, coming West in consequence of being ordered a sea-voyage; but he is so much pleased with London that he does not purpose returning at present, and is even now busily looking for a studio in the West End,

where he will still make portraits his special study; and next spring we may expect to see some important works from his brush—probably more than one picture of our leading actresses, for an artist appeals to an artist; and to have a sitter with marked individuality is the height of Signor Catani's ambition.

H. T.



The Musical Scale of Life.

UGO CATANI'S "MUSICAL SCALE OF LIFE."

Photo by Foster and Martin, Melbourne.

holiday spent in the Austrian Tyrol that changed all the young Italian's plans. There he happened to fall in with a young Englishman who was a very enthusiastic and clever amateur artist, and with him he travelled for some days—always in search of the picturesque. In one of his mountain climbs Signor Catani fell and hurt his arm; therefore, his friend remained with him for some time longer, and it was during his convalescence that his talents with the brush were discovered. The novice was given a box of paints, and at once set to work, obtaining really remarkable results.

His holiday over, he returned to his university and joined the artists' classes and societies, but, after graduating, he entered the Academy of Arts in Florence, there pursuing a course of study for four years. After that he "served" in the 6th Regiment of Bersaglieri, and, in 1881, left Italy for a month's holiday in the Seychelles. Then he had but to wander at will, and not to think of the sordid necessities of life; so he travelled for two years through Mauritius, Madagascar, and Ceylon, to Australia, where, after having journeyed the length and breadth of that continent, he finally settled down in Melbourne, where he remained until he came to England only a few months ago. During his sojourn in the Antipodes, he met with some severe financial reverses and family losses; and when it became expedient that he should "earn his own living," he very naturally turned to the profession of his heart, and determined to take up painting. With his brush he had immediate success, but he made portrait-painting his special line, and has transferred the lineaments of most of the beauties and august personages of Victoria to canvas. However, he was obliged, occasionally, to give his artistic imagination its head, and made some of the most poetic and fanciful studies, even before he conceived the idea of "The Musical Scale of Life," a picture representing the heads, both male and female, of all ages, as they descend the scale. This picture created quite a furore, and at once placed him at the top of the artistic ladder, and was quickly followed by another, called "Faith," which is shown here, and is a most finished and earnest work. His landscapes are happy in tone and treatment; but perhaps his most popular picture is "The Salvation Army," which, by the courtesy of the artist, is reproduced here. It shows a bold and appreciative treatment of the situation, and "caught on" immediately in Melbourne, from the vigorous and telling manner in which it depicted the workers in General Booth's Army. Without wishing to detract in any way from the merits and

with the Customs officials who come on board, and everything is landed with careful impunity. Some three or four weeks ago an American brought his yacht into harbour, and declared to land with five hundred cigars. This simple announcement threw the Customs into a state of intense excitement. Strange though it may appear, no tobacco had been declared in the memory of any official. The port is, as has been said, a small one, and all the tobacco introduced is smuggled. The five hundred cigars were taken to the Custom House, and then the officials considered the matter. The yacht-owner had brought three hundred and fifty for a friend and the odd hundred and fifty for himself and friends during a four days' stay. However, three days elapsed before Spanish officialdom could decide what to charge. Whether they telegraphed to Madrid—which would account for a great part of the three days—or whether they cast lots, is not told; but on the fourth sunrise, when the owner of the tobacco had suffered considerably from the native specimens of smoke, the powers that be inflicted a heavy charge and surrendered up nearly all his cigars. It was an episode that attracts but little attention out there, but, seen in the clear light of English business-like methods, the full absurdity becomes apparent.



UGO CATANI'S STUDIO.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.—III.

Photographs by F. G. Calcott, Teddington.

THE TREATY STONE AND CASTLE, LIMERICK.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY (LORD ANTRIM'S PARLOUR).



BLARNEY CASTLE, CO. CORK.



BAILEY LIGHTHOUSE, HOWTH, ENTRANCE TO DUBLIN HARBOUR.



KILLINEY BAY, CO. DUBLIN.



LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY.



STATUE OF LORD GOUGH, PHOENIX PARK.



ROUND TOWER AND CROSS, CLONMACNOISE, NEAR ATHLONE.

AUG. 7, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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DIANA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBBY STREET, S.W.

HOLBEIN'S PICTURE IN THE HALL OF THE BARBERS' COMPANY.

The celebrated picture by Holbein, now in the possession of the Worshipful Company of Barbers, is generally described as "Henry VIII. Granting the Charter to the Barbers and Surgeons." Mr. Sidney Young, in his valuable history of the Company, shows that this is not an accurate description. The charter was granted in 1512, when Henry was but twenty-one years of age. In 1540, the union of the Barbers' Company with the Guild of Surgeons was brought about by Act of Parliament; it is this which is commemorated in the picture. Henry was then forty-nine years old, and this corresponds well with him as depicted by Holbein. Moreover, most of the men represented in the picture were on the Court in 1540, but not in 1512. Vicary (who is receiving the "Act" from the King) was Master of the Company in 1541-42; it is, therefore, most probable that the picture was painted during his year of office. The artist has taken a licence with the "Act," as he has painted it with a seal pendant, as though it were a charter. This fact probably gave rise to the popular but erroneous name for the picture. Of the figures on the King's right, the first is Dr. John Chambre, one of the Royal Physicians; next is Dr. William Butts, also Royal Physician, and, further behind, Thomas Alsop, the Royal Apothecary. The fifteen members of the Court of the Company on the King's left are dressed in gorgeous robes, and are wearing livery hoods of red and black. Thomas

also been suggested that it may be the copy made for James I.; this latter suggestion is very improbable.

The fear of fire is one of the causes which make the Company anxious to find a safe home for their valuable possession. The proposal is to sell the picture to the Corporation of the City of London. For this, £15,000 is asked, instead of £25,000, at which it has been valued. It is devoutly to be hoped that so fine a work of the great master will not be allowed to leave London, but that it may find a permanent home in the Guildhall Art Gallery.

J. B. B.

A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.

I happened the other day (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) to be in the company of one of the oldest members of the Yeomen of the Guard. Although seventy-eight, he was as upright as the proverbial dart, and seemed as vigorous as many men of less than half his age. He told me many tales of his individual prowess, and when I endeavoured to insert a solitary remark amid the stream of his eloquence, he waved it aside with a majestic air, and, with "One moment, please!" went on with his moving tales of flood and field. I do not like to cast any aspersion on the grand old Yeoman, but some of his tales were really too steep. He had not a good word to say of the "Iron Duke," but spoke very highly of the Duke of Cambridge. By the way, it is remarkable how attached the rank and file are to the latter. The old soldier



Vicary, Sergeant Surgeon, is receiving the document; next to him kneels Sir John Ayleff, Surgeon to the King; then comes Nicholas Simpson, the King's Barber; these three all wear skull-caps, as also do Drs. Chambre and Butts, on the other side. Next to Simpson kneels Edmund Harman, King's Barber, and one of the witnesses to his will; then follow, in order, James Monforde, King's Surgeon; John Pen, King's Barber; Nicholas Alcocke, and Richard Ferris. Of the figures in the back row, the names of two only have been preserved—Christopher Salmond and William Tilley. The picture was borrowed by James I., who pronounced the likeness of Henry to be a good one; it was also lent to Charles I. In 1734 the picture was engraved by Baron, at a cost to the Company of 150 guineas. In engraving, Baron did not reverse the figures, so that, in his reproduction, they are exactly opposite to how they are placed in the original picture. It is from Baron's picture that our illustration is taken. The plate is still used, each Assistant being presented with a copy of the engraving on his election. The picture is painted on an oak panel, and measures 10 ft. 2 in. by 5 ft. 11 in. During the Great Fire of London it was, fortunately, preserved. The following extract from the accounts of the Company shows the cost of its preservation—

To Major Brookes for his expences about H. ye 8th picture ...	£0 13 0
Given him as the Companys gift ...	1 0 0
To six porters wth expences of bringing home yt picture ...	0 8 9
To Capt. Carroll his expences about that picture ...	0 16 0
Given him as the Companys gift ...	1 0 0
Expended on him ...	0 2 6

In the Royal College of Surgeons there is a painting which is probably the original design by Holbein of the Barbers' picture; it has

complained that though he had fought on numerous fields, notably Boomplaats in 1848, under the former, he could get no medals for those engagements. When stationed at Malta, the Duke of Cambridge came there, and a list of fines for smoking when engaged on works was placed before him. The Duke saw that several men had been stopped two weeks' pay for smoking, and he asked for an explanation, saying that he liked a smoke himself, but thought a two weeks' smoke was a rather long one, a quarter of an hour being as much as he cared for at a time. On being informed that this was the penalty, not the duration of the smoke, the Duke decided to "make the punishment fit the crime," and gave orders that the deduction of pay should tally with the length of the smoke, thus rendering the matter so ridiculous that it was dropped altogether. The Yeoman told me also that a certain imperial duchess, who married one of our royal dukes, was like an awkward country girl when she came over; "but," said he, "we've polished her up a bit!" On another occasion, an officer high in command, and much decorated, tapped the veteran on the breast, and said, "You haven't got many medals." "No, Colonel," was the reply, "but mine are fighting medals, not frying-pan ones." As a matter of fact, he has three medals—the Cape, the Meritorious Service, and the Queen's Jubilee Medal. The old warrior expressed himself strongly about the comic opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," saying that its proper title should be "The Warders of the Tower." I asked the difference between the two bodies, and he said proudly, "We wear a sash round our waists, and they wear a belt." I suppose there is some difference of duties, but in the Yeoman's mind this was the grand distinction. In conclusion, I may say that the veteran is to be married shortly to a blooming widow of fifty.

AUG. 7, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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LÉDA.—L. F. SCHÜTZENBERGER.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

ONE OF THE GRAND OLD MEN.*

"My Lord March has not one, but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr. Warrington, when you lighted upon his Lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr. Warrington," interposes my lord.

So has Thackeray dealt justice to "Old Q." ; not, as Mr. Robinson points out, under any wrapping, such as my Lord "Racecourse" or "Pasteboard," but plainly, as the typical and most noteworthy gamester of the last century. It has remained for the author of this pleasing memoir to set before us the whole life of an indomitable sportsman, one who has rightly been styled a father of the turf and a master of wagers. For nearly ninety years was fortune kind to "Old Q." His father, William, the second Earl of March, died in the year 1731. William Douglas was then but six years old, and what education he got was chiefly at the house of his kinswoman, Lady Cassillis, who pleaded the privileges of a

pursued by women—and yet he died a bachelor, though of the fact that he was for some seven years deeply enamoured of Miss Pelham there seems no reasonable doubt.

All this, however, is told admirably by Mr. Robinson in his vastly entertaining book, a work to be highly praised and largely read. It abounds in good anecdotes; it is in some part a history of the turf for the period, and the picture it gives of "old Q." is graphic and lifelike to a degree rarely attained in recent biography. It is quite the memoir of the season—despite the many misquotations it is guilty of. M. P.

SOME REMARKABLE WAGERS.

Play not for gain, but sport; who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart.—*George Herbert.*

"Everyone may be the architect of his own fortunes." Upon the strength, presumably, of this statement, many men try to become "instantaneous architects" by making ridiculous wagers, but generally they fail miserably. It would be impossible to record, within a short space, even a tenth of the number of peculiar wagers that have been made since the day when Cleopatra packed cards with Cæsar and played her famous game—to say nothing of the remarkable bets made among the "young men of fortune" who flourished long before that time—but reference to a few of the most noteworthy will be of interest.

London seems to be the place in which the majority of these peculiar agreements have from time to time been entered into. On June 30, 1793, for instance—if the records contained in several ancient MSS. can be depended upon for accuracy—a man of singular tastes allowed himself to be strapped across a cart-wheel, and in that position to be driven round Covent Garden for the sum of a solitary guinea. He won his wager by being alive at the end of the journey, but, according to the MS., he was "black in the face, and exceedingly distressed." And no wonder!

In the same century, says Dr. Goldsmith in his "History of the Dog," a certain young man of brutal nature backed himself to cut off the four feet of a famous bull-dog, one after another, while the dog was attacking a bull, and made a subordinate bet that the dog would continue to worry his enemy after the amputations had taken place. He won both bets. Similar abominable acts of cruelty, performed for heavy wagers, are upon record, but they had better not be described.

One of the most amusing wagers ever made, recently referred to in the columns of a contemporary, was that arranged between two high-spirited young men, who, being completely *blasé* and at a loss for a novelty, decided to "run their fathers, the one against the other, over two furlongs, for £500 a-side." At the time the agreement was entered into, neither of the fond parents was aware of the compact being made; and when the news was suddenly broken to them, one of the fathers instantly fell down in a fit and died, and, in spite of his great age—seventy years—he happened to be favourite for the race. So the light-hearted though shrewd boy whose parent was still "going strong" promptly brought an action against his friend in order to recover the stake, alleging, as his defence, that, though he had not been consulted, his friend's starter had been struck out of his engagement. The case was dismissed.

Most of us have heard of the two well-bred gamesters who, while gazing lazily out of the window, upon a dismal, wet afternoon, suddenly noticed two drops of rain simultaneously starting to run down the pane of glass. Quick as thought, A. bet a thousand pounds sterling that the drop nearer to him would come in first. Instantly, the wager was accepted, and, amid intense excitement, the race ended in a dead-heat. Upon another occasion a somewhat similar bet was made with regard to two earwigs careering across a billiard-table, and the money was duly paid.

Many instances are upon record of gamblers staking their own lives when they had lost everything, even the clothes upon their backs; and Tacitus himself tells us that several famous German gamesters committed this act of folly. But perhaps the notorious Mr. Ogden's remarkable wager was one of the strangest ever made, one which many persons declare to have been unfair. This bet was decided in the year 1813, and is recorded in Steinmetz's work, called "The Gaming Table." This Mr. Ogden wagered no less than one thousand guineas to one guinea that, with a pair of common dice, seven would not be thrown ten times consecutively. His opponent promptly accepted the challenge, and, seizing the dice-box, he then and there threw seven, nine times in succession. This extraordinary occurrence so alarmed the reckless Mr. Ogden that he offered to forfeit 470 guineas and cancel the bet. The offer was refused. Again the dice were thrown, but the tenth cast being "nine," the challenger won his bet outright. He afterwards declared, however, that the mental torment which he endured while play was in progress closely resembled, he believed, the punishment of damned souls. Yet he seems to have been partial to such torments, for, only a week later, he wagered one hundred guineas to one guinea that, if a halfpenny were tossed up seven times, he would "call true" once at least. The odds were lost.

The last remarkable wager that space permits me to refer to has probably been heard of by many people. It was made by a fabulously rich Marquis, who, one day, in course of conversation, declared that not one of his listeners would sell a specified number of sovereigns—one thousand, if I remember rightly—at five shillings apiece, if he were to disguise himself as a beggar, and hawk the sovereigns about the streets of London for twenty-four hours. Of course, he was to offer them for sale as spurious coin. The Marquis won his bet.



"OLD Q."

peerless to run a gaming hell. Thus, equipped with a fine knowledge of cards—so that people could say of him, as Thackeray makes him say of Chesterfield, "My Lord Chesterfield's deuce is deuce-ace"—Lord March was attracted, as many a Scotsman before and since, to London. The elegance of his dress, his connection with the Clan Douglas, his devotion to every form of sport, speedily brought him notoriety. The wager-book at White's bears testimony to his many-sidedness. "Old Q." would bet on anything—on the speed of a running footman, on the death of a friend. And yet all was done with a canniness which he brought out of Scotland, and which served him to the end. Few were the men that could take the wind out of "Old Q.'s" sails. When he laid a wager that four horses should drag a man and a carriage nineteen miles within the hour, he spent hundreds of pounds in finding "cattle" for the work, and had no less than three coaches built for the trials. When he made a bet that he would send a letter at the rate of fifty miles an hour, his ingenuity was extraordinary. He stuffed the writing in the interior of a cricket-ball, and posted expert fielders at such distances apart that one man could easily throw the ball to his fellow. Neither at sport nor at play did he meet his match during the latter half of the century. A capable horseman, he galloped his own horses in their exercises; a fine judge of horse-flesh, his stud farm at Saxum was a model for the times. His word was a law at White's and the clubs he frequented; there was no man in London more resolutely

"Old Q." A Memoir of William Douglas, Fourth Duke of Queensberry, K.T." By John Robert Robinson. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Limited.

AUG. 7, 1895

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE TRIALS OF THE NOVICE.

WRETCHED CADDIE (*after the sixth shot*): Call me when you 've done, Miss.



A BANK HOLIDAY IDYLL.



"ZOO" STUDIES: THE BRITISH GUIANA ROUGH FOX.

*"He wouldn't hurt a baby,
He's a pal as you can trust."*

THE COUPON TRADING SYSTEM.

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS GOING BEGGING.

Wonderful are the modern developments of insurance, which, beginning with life and fire risks, has expanded to cover the field of employers' liability, burglary, securities insurance, and, in fact, every conceivable risk to which man and his works, in a state of what we are pleased to call higher civilisation, are liable. Some few years ago, a company, at first called the General Expenditure Assurance Company, and, afterwards, the Capital Guarantee Society, was started, with the excellent

customer, handed it over to the company, who invested the 5s. at compound interest for the benefit of the bond-holder. When you remember that money at 5 per cent. compound interest doubles itself in fourteen years, it is easy to understand the principle upon which the drawings and the ultimate redemption of the bonds was calculated.

For a time the business of the company and the tradesmen flourished, but probably because, having by this means established themselves, the vendors of the bonds saw no necessity to give any longer even 5 per cent. discount, and to some extent, no doubt, because by degrees customers began to recognise that payment in full would require more years than they cared to wait, the system fell into disuse, and finally, so far as the company of which we are writing was concerned, came to an end about 1883 or



THE NEW PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

object of enabling those who so desired, to obtain a return of all the moneys expended from day to day upon the ordinary necessities of life. Strange as this may seem, the plan was not only feasible, but even financially sound, and was worked by the company appointing a certain number of tradesmen all over the country as "members," who agreed to give to all their cash customers coupons, issued by the Assurance or Guarantee Company, for the full nominal value of money expended. As soon as any customer had collected these coupons to the value of five pounds—in other words, if he dealt with the right tradesmen, as soon as he had bought household necessaries for that amount—the company gave, in exchange for the coupons, a bond or note, by which the company promised to pay the full sum to the bondholder within a certain number of years at the worst, or sooner, if the bond happened to be drawn at the half-yearly ballots.

The tradesman, to secure this advantage to his customers, paid to the company the sum of 5s. for each £5 bond—or, in other words, allowed a discount of 5 per cent. for cash—but, instead of paying it to the

1884. At that time about £24,000 was set aside to meet the bonds at maturity, and of this sum not more than one-half has to this day been claimed. The matter drifted into the care of the Court of Chancery, and the bonds have a solid value of from 4s. 6d. to 7s. for each £5, which any holder can obtain, without incurring any responsibility for legal expenses, by complying with the terms of an advertisement which is now being inserted in various newspapers by the directions of Mr. Justice Chitty.

If any of our readers have among their old papers any of these interesting documents, we advise them to apply while there is yet time, for we are told this is the last opportunity they will get, and it is a case that a man must speak now "or for ever hold his peace." If the directions, which will be found on page 74, are not sufficient for any of our readers, we shall be only too pleased to advise them as to the prosecution of their claims; but we may say that what we have written has no application to those who have already received a payment in respect of their bonds.

A PERSIAN PRISON.

"When abroad see everything" is one of the best of the tourist's maxims. It was some such curiosity as this which brought me within the precincts of a Persian prison. It was a place of punishment for "minor" offences (a term with a considerable degree of latitude), combining the functions of "House of Correction" with those of an ordinary police-cell.

I strolled through the doorway, past a lazy sentinel, who eyed me suspiciously, but was far too intent upon the apple which he was

The walls of the quadrangle were built in the form of arcades, in the panels of which were elaborate mural paintings treating of various interesting subjects quite foreign to prison life. On the one side of the court a verandah fronted the official apartments, where police functionaries were seated cross-legged upon carpets and divans, nonchalantly smoking cigarettes, and sipping tea from tiny glasses. (Life moves slowly in Persia, and allows sufficient time for mild dissipation.) In the centre of the courtyard a fountain murmured lazily amid the orange-trees, laden with fruit, which were growing luxuriously around. Only a careful search detected the existence of narrow loopholes on one side of the court, which



THE EXTERIOR OF THE POLICE STATION, TEHERAN.

munching to move from his squatting posture upon the ground. Outside, the police-station was resplendent with the royal arms—a majestic lion, with an equally majestic sun rising from the region of his mane. Above, hanging limp upon its staff, was a flag emblazoned with the same coat-of-arms. The whole façade was gay with bright colours, and ornamented profusely with shrubs placed in the large stone vases which filled the niches. Indeed, outwardly, the appearance of a Persian police-station in a large town might well befit a palace.

I had no "order to view," but was simply acting upon a sudden impulse. However, my knowledge of the Persians was sufficient to tell me that the neglect to procure an order was a mere trifle. I therefore stepped boldly into the courtyard and looked around.



MERCHANTS IN THE STOCKS.

betokened the presence of the "jail" itself. By the time I had finished my survey, I became aware of the fact that half-a-dozen officials were watching me with evident curiosity, although far too polite to interfere with the whims of one of the "mad ferenghi" whose eccentricities were too well known to the sedate Persian to cause any annoyance.

When I had satisfactorily concluded my preliminary search, I gazed at the group before me. Six motley individuals in uniforms of varying condition! Hurriedly glancing over them, I detected one who, by the fact that he was more smartly attired than the rest, and was so far impressed with the dignity of his office that his tunic was buttoned, appeared to be the local "chief of the police." Nor was I wrong in my conjecture.



PRISONERS AT EXERCISE IN THE PRISON YARD.

"The Sahib is welcome," was the courteous reply I received in response to my expressed wish to view the interior. A burly-looking warder, armed with the keys, preceded us and opened a narrow doorway in the wall. Passing through, I found myself in a little courtyard about fifteen feet square, in which were the inevitable pond, a duck, a hen, a cat, and a warder—the last-named cheerily munching at a "flap" of native bread.

"The Sahib is right. The water is for washing and drinking," was the reply to my question, as I gazed in horror at the filthy pool before me. Fortunately for my comfort of mind, I noticed at one end a constant flow of a clearer fluid into the pond, while, at the other, means of egress was provided for the surface water. But the prisoners!

There was no mistaking the position of the cell! Our olfactory organs could have discovered its whereabouts unaided. I stepped to the doorway, but it was some moments before I made the grim resolve to penetrate its depths. Then, by the aid of the lantern, we beheld a gruesome and disgusting spectacle.

Before us was an apartment some forty feet in length by twelve in breadth, divided by brick pillars into three compartments, with a narrow passage running down the entire length. Heavily chained to one another by neck, wrists, and ankles, sat or squatted (on carpets!) no less than seventy-five poor wretches, huddled together in a state of indescribable misery and filth. Pity was fast overcoming all other feelings, even that of repugnance, when a moaning voice fell upon my ear. There was no mistaking the well-known sounds.

"Sahib, backsheesh!" was all it said; and gradually, like the rising of a storm, "Sahib, backsheesh!" was taken up vigorously on all sides.

"This fellow?—stealing; that?—drunkenness" (a Mussulman is forbidden by his religion to drink intoxicants). So, down the line, the prisoners were pointed out, and their crimes denoted. Indeed, their interest in the recounting was extravagant, and many eager wretches anticipated the warder in detailing their crimes. One fellow, indeed, with stentorian lungs, volunteered information for a whole row, and effectually drowned the warder's voice as he named, with evident relish, his neighbours' crimes and his own.

"How long are these wretches kept in this place?" I asked.

"That man has been here three years," the warder explained, as he pointed to one contented-looking individual, who was smoking calmly, and noting my astonishment with evident interest; "this man, ten years," he continued, before I could express surprise.

Ten years in a filthy, insanitary hovel, with scarce a gleam of daylight to break the gloom! I discovered afterwards that it was no uncommon thing for a prisoner to be altogether "forgotten," unless his relatives could find the necessary sum whereby to bribe those in authority.

As to their fare, I was told that they lived almost as well as outside. The Persian diet, consisting chiefly of bread, a sour cheese, and rice, cannot be much curtailed by way of economy!

The yard, I was informed, was used for exercise—an hour daily—also for necessary ablutions. The few extra privileges which were allowed I knew to be merely a matter of money!

Suddenly a clanking of fetters attracted my notice. Turning my lantern in the direction indicated, I discovered a pious Mussulman at his prayers! I learned that he was awaiting his trial for murder, so that perhaps accounted for his extra fervour. Then I noticed, further, a prisoner sitting with his feet confined in heavy wooden blocks—an improvised "stocks." I inquired as to his crime, but the warder was silent.

"He is in prison for a serious crime," was all the information my otherwise garrulous prisoner-friend would say; and, to do the fellow justice, the victim himself was the only man I saw who appeared ashamed. The rest were in a state of exuberant good spirits, and were vastly interested in my inspection, evidently regarding themselves as individuals of some importance since a white "Sahib" chose to visit them! I learned afterward that the penitent was "in" for parricide. Evidently the "Christian dog" was unworthy to be informed of so serious a Mussulman indiscretion.

But I was still interested in one other matter. I had, of course, often heard of the bastinado, and asked whether it was frequently used. My guide was quite communicative.

"There is generally somebody every evening," he said eagerly. "Would the Sahib care to see it carried out? Yes, they are beaten on the soles of the feet. If it is serious, sometimes they are beaten so severely as to be unable to walk for weeks—sometimes, even, the beating is so severe that their toes drop off! Would the Sahib care to see? No doubt, somebody had misbehaved in jail, and the chief of the police would doubtless arrange for a punishment at 9 p.m.!"

But the "Sahib"—although, as an antiquarian, he entertained very great respect for the ancient punishment of the "sticks"—hardly regarded the spectacle as an after-dinner luxury, and resolutely declined, much to the warder's evident chagrin. Even the prisoners appeared somewhat disappointed!

Then I made my hurried exit, noting, on my way, a little chamber, well lighted and ventilated, and luxurious with divans and carpets, where such prisoners as could afford to bribe their jailers were located while awaiting trial. Indeed, the mitigation of the revolting surroundings to which the poor wretches are liable is—as is all else in the land of the "Lion and the Sun"—a mere detail of payment. Yet, to say the prisoners, in spite of their filthy surroundings, were unhappy is to speak an untruth. A cynical friend, who has resided many years in Persia, offered, as an explanation, the laconic reason, "The Persians are a filthy race!"

C. H. T.

MADAME VON PARLAGHY.

At a literary dinner of Herr Director Grubéz, in the fashionable West-End of Berlin, I had occasion recently to converse with Madame von Parlaghy, the Hungarian artist. The parlours were crowded with German celebrities, including a fair number of gold-laced army officials. After a tedious wait, I saw my chance to catch her eye. "Darf ich Ihnen feuer anbieten?" and, following up the courtesy, I soon found myself seated vis-à-vis. And then she briefly ran over her career.

Her recent work, the grand painting of Louis Kossuth, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon, and ultimately purchased by the State of Hungary, as well as her remarkable picture of Marshal von Moltke, ex-Chancellor von Caprivi, the Emperor William II., who, like a true



MADAME VON PARLAGHY.

Photo by Otto, Paris.

cavalier, used to hand her the palette and brush, and otherwise pay her courteous compliments. Her visit to Friedrichsruh, when she painted the irreconcileable modern Timon, he who has declined going to Canossa, but did not object to prepare the coffee for the beautiful Hungarian. Her successes with these notabilities, and the honours extended to her by the highest artistic authorities of Paris, brought down upon her beautiful *coiffure* and perfumed head the envy of Munich and Dresden, and has stirred the jealousy of her *confrères* in Berlin. She has painted the unforgettable Hungarian patriot as no other ever has, and the old exile was exceedingly grateful in a letter which he wrote to her shortly before his death, and which I had the privilege of reading—

You might have chosen a better model [he went on to say] than the old, decrepit figure of one whose end cannot much longer be delayed. But, with the inspiration of true genius, you have created an indelible memory out of present ruins. Your creation reminds our artists of the golden era in their own history, and they characterise your work as a living picture, with burning thoughts in the eyes and eloquence on its lips, albeit they shall be silent soon. . . . The genius which has cradled you in infancy has pressed the kiss of enthusiasm on your brow, and elected you as the bride of a glorious future. Oh! may your life ever be cloudless and happy, and your path one of roses and contentment; this, with my blessing, accept from your grateful and old friend, Kossuth.

She has evidently profited by the Paris and Munich schools, and made her deductions attractive and brilliant. She has not that dry, inartistic, and merely illustrative aim with which a Marx would render art merely a vehicle for the expression of prosaic thought, nor yet the other extreme, that equally partial misconception which would make painting mere decoration—a bouquet of colour, an aesthetic spot of chiaroscuro.

C. F. D.

FRIEND: How is the sewing society getting along with its work?

MEMBER: Beautifully! One week we play lawn tennis, and the next week we read aloud, visit, or play whist.

AUG. 7, 1895

THE SKETCH.

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SCOUT, 17th LANCERS: ACTIVE SERVICE ORDER.

MONSIEUR BOUGUEREAU.

I made my way to a large, clean house in the uttermost parts of the Quartier Latin, and on inquiring for M. Bouguereau, was bidden by the concierge to make my own way to the top of the house and open the small door on the left. This sounded rather unceremonious, so I compromised



M. BOUGUEREAU.
Photo by Pierre Petit, Paris.

matters by walking up and ringing the bell. The door was opened by a benevolent-looking little old man, dressed in a loose-fitting suit of pepper-and-salt dittoes and a soft round felt hat.

"Monsieur Bouguereau?"

"C'est moi, Monsieur."

I explained that he had been good enough to make an appointment to be interviewed by *The Sketch*, and he motioned me to follow him through a huge room chock-full with pictures into a kind of hot-house adjoining it, all built of glass and heated as if for the culture of pines.

"I hope you won't mind my going on working," he said; "we can have a chat all the same. Make yourself at home. I can talk just as well when I am working. I am always ready to receive my friends during my working-hours. I don't need to fix a special time or stop work in order to receive anybody. I just tell my friends I am in all day, and they have only to walk up. I am always glad to see them. If anything, it rather helps my work to have someone to talk to all the time. Now then, *espèce de type*," he said to a naked boy, who had retired behind a canvas; "perch yourself up on your stool again, and we will go on with our work." Then, turning to me, he added, "I have had such a bother with this picture. I had a splendid model for it, who suited the part admirably. There only remained one leg and one foot of him to be done. But he had an incurable habit of falling asleep while he was posing, even when he was standing up, and I had to get rid of him, but I am by no means confident that this youth's limbs are in exact proportion with the other's. This picture is for the Salon this year. It represents a young man with wings, symbolical of Love, carrying off a soul, as represented by that young woman with the butterfly's wings, to Heaven. I don't know what the public will say about it, and—this, you may think, sounds very arrogant—I really don't very much care. All I know is that it is the best I can do."

"Do you work easily and quickly?" I asked, feeling the question was somewhat superfluous as I watched his deft brush skimming over the canvas and turning the model's filthy, misshapen foot into the rosy, transparent limb of a god.

"Yes," he replied; "I work quickly—not because

my brush travels faster than other people's, but because I am, above all things, a man of method. I know beforehand exactly what I am going to do; and, although, like everybody else, I must needs pay my tribute to indecision, I generally succeed in carrying out my intentions. In this picture, for instance, the composition has not changed one jot since the moment when I started. My only difficulty has been a fear of making the drapery too much alike on the two sides of the figures. Very likely that seems nothing at all to you, but, in reality, it is quite a serious matter."

"You must have some difficulty in finding so many pretty children as you do for your models?"

"Oh, I don't know! I generally devote myself to children when I am in the country. There, you know, it is impossible to paint nudes from grown-up models. The young women would quite lose caste and be pointed at in the street if they were known to pose for the nude. So I have to take children instead."

M. Bouguereau paid a brief visit to this country not long ago, and I was anxious to hear whether he had formed the same opinion of us as M. Daudet has lately published. But the distinguished artist was too wary to commit himself to any startling statements on English manners.

"What were your impressions of England?"

"As I was only there three days, I ought not to lay claim to any impressions at all. I devoted my time to visiting the three great picture galleries, and had very little opportunity of seeing anything else."

"Do you think of going again?"

"Well, I hardly know. I am not much of a traveller. The fact is, I am very much attached to my mother. As she is twenty years older than I am, you may imagine she is no longer very young, and I am never easy if I leave her for any length of time. It is true the journey to London is not a very long one. What, eight or nine hours? They say it can be done in seven, but I don't believe it. Anyhow, it seems a long way off to me, and I doubt my undertaking the journey again, though there are many things I should like to see in England. I have not seen a tithe of the artistic treasures which are to be found at Kensington."

When the model had taken his departure, M. Bouguereau showed me some of his works in the other room. How prolific an artist he is may be judged by the fact that he has already painted 429 pictures, without counting sketches and other miscellaneous work. He pointed out the two first pictures he had ever painted. His present opinion of them was revealed by the fact that they were ignominiously skid. One represented a dying man, flat on his back in a desert, and the Angel of Death approaching, in a long funeral cloak, to creep right over him and possess him. The other was still more horrible. It depicted Dante and his companion exploring Hell, and witnessing one individual gnawing the throat of another.

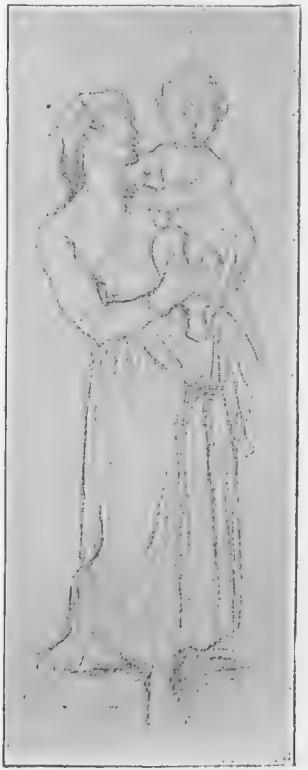
"If I had stuck to such subjects as that," he said, smiling, "I should have starved long ago. You see, people will only buy pictures which they can put up on their walls and take a pleasure in looking at."

"I can imagine that Dante subject not being very appropriate for a dining-room," I put in.

"For a dining-room! no!" he answered, with a merry laugh. "For mercantile purposes, a picture like that is far more appropriate"—and he pointed to a dream of a child standing in the midst of a group of some half-dozen admiring young women, each more beautiful than the last.

"I am afraid I have disturbed you dreadfully," I said, at the end of over an hour's conversation.

"On the contrary," he replied, with his never-varying geniality, "it is I who have to apologise for not letting myself be disturbed. I have gone on working all the same, in spite of your visit, and I hope you do not blame me or feel neglected on that account."



AT THE INDIAN EXHIBITION.



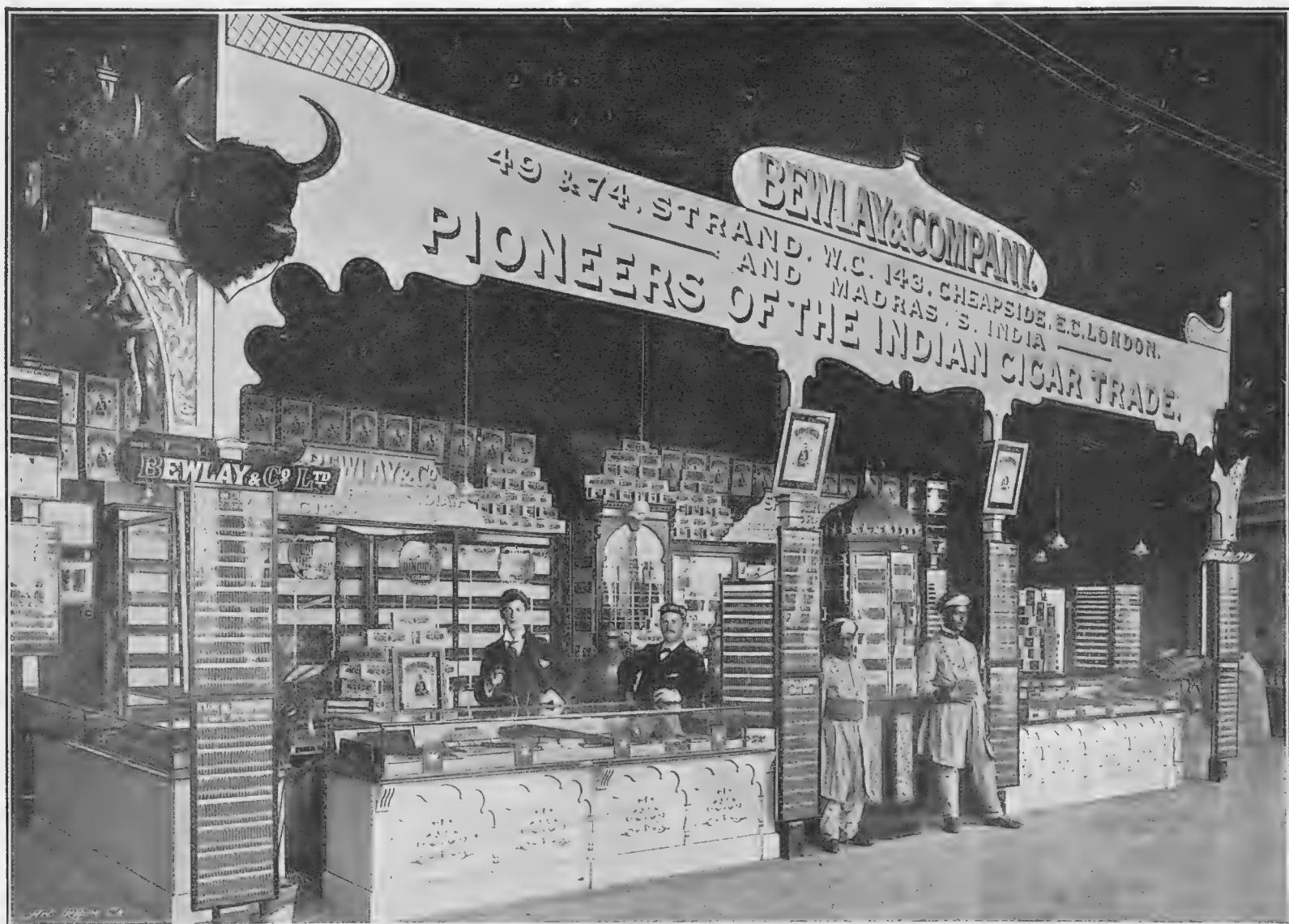
POTTERS.
Photo by Robey.



A WORKMAN'S SHOP.
Photo by Robey.

The Empire of India Exhibition continues to draw enormous crowds. The attractions, indeed, are many, for India is little known to the rank and file of the people that possess it. The products of India are elaborately illustrated; for example, the great trade in Indian cigars, which were introduced into this country by Messrs. Bewlay, of the Strand. They lay special stress on the brand which is called "Flor de Dindigul." It is a mild cigar, of exquisite flavour and aroma, and may be had in two sizes, at twenty-two shillings and twenty shillings per hundred. By the way, Messrs. Bewlay have issued a second edition of their interesting brochure, "Tobacco Leaves."

A number of curious facts are contained in a chapter on eminent devotees of the weed. The Prince of Wales, we are told, has a partiality for Cuban cigars, which are specially prepared for him. The quality of the tobacco used is the finest obtainable, and each cigar is worth no less than four shillings. They are packed in highly finished boxes, bearing the familiar "feathers." The Prince, by the way, possesses a very fine gold smoker's companion for the pocket. There is room for three different sizes of cigars, space for about half an ounce of tobacco, matches, a midget briarwood pipe, and a few cigarettes. It is filled every morning, and is always carried by the Prince.



A CIGAR EXHIBIT.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT'S ARABIAN HORSES.

Mr. Blunt's stud is unique in Europe (writes a *Sketch* representative), and his periodical sales of superfluous stock have come to be regarded as quite an institution. The occasion was not one to be missed, so when I read on a catalogue that this year's sale was fixed for "the Saturday next before Goodwood" (which reads like a parody on "Sundays after Trinity"), I hastily made my way to Three Bridges Station, which is the half-way house between London and Brighton, or thereabouts, and joined a throng of horsey-looking people, who were bound on the same errand as myself.

Crabbed Park, Mr. Blunt's place, is a long mile from the station, along a pretty Sussex lane and through a broad expanse of park. The house is rambling and picturesque, having evidently been frequently enlarged. The view from the terrace and well-kept tennis-lawn is probably one of the finest in the South of England, with soothing ornamental water in the foreground, and feathery forests on the distant hills around.

I found Mr. Blunt seeing to the luncheon arrangements in a large tent pitched near the stables. Luncheon lubricates business, and so is ingeniously arranged to take place just before the sale. Mr. Blunt made a little speech, and Mr. Tattersall made another, and then we proceeded to business. Mr. Blunt was, naturally, very busy, but I managed to get a good chat with him about his horses in the morning. I began by asking him to tell me something of the origin of his stud.

"Well," he replied, "I began by buying Arabs for my own pleasure, partly because I had a great belief in the qualities of the Arab horse, and partly because I thought it would be an interesting thing to do. It was, perhaps, somewhat on the same principle that I bought a house at Damascus, when I knew I should never go and live there. But it only cost two hundred pounds, and I thought it was a great thing to be able to say I had a house at Damascus. I have also a house near Cairo; but there I do live—longer and longer every year. It is far enough away from Cairo to be quite away from the English occupation, and yet it is near enough for shopping-and society. But, to come back to our horses. The original mares came principally from the Anazeh, the most considerable horse-breeding tribe of Bedouins in Northern Arabia."

"Isn't it almost impossible, as a rule, to export mares from Arabia? I fancied there was some severe penal edict against it."

"There used to be great difficulty in buying them, but during the last twenty-five years the severity has been greatly relaxed. Now it is almost entirely a question of price. And you have to pay a pretty stiff one even out there, I can tell you! Sometimes you can pick up a bargain, but that is the exception. One mare I bought at Aleppo for thirty pounds has already produced stock, part of which has fetched fully a thousand



MR. WILFRID BLUNT.

"No, but many mares I have sold have produced excellent results with English thoroughbreds. I have only a few half-breds. They are the offspring of a Suffolk mare and an Arab horse, and make very good hunters. The Suffolk breed is a light, fast cart-horse. One great future I foresee for the Arab in this country is as a polo-pony. You see, it is at present almost impossible to get thoroughbred horses within the polo standard of height, 14 hands 2 in. But most Arabs come within the regulation. All mine do except a few. And then the intelligence of the Arab comes in well for polo."

"What is most usefully bred from Arab horses?"

"Racers have been bred, both in the first and the second generations, and they have not done badly, so far. I may tell you that a horse bred from one of my mares is the best in the stable of a hard-riding master of fox-hounds. He was so well satisfied that I gave him one of my best mares, last year, to continue the experiment on a better footing."

"If you spend so much time in Egypt, you won't be able to look after your stud so well?"

"It will be very well looked after. Besides, I am going to start a



THE STALLION MESAOND, IMPORTED 1887.

Photo by Lord Cairns.

branch establishment at my house out there. It will be a good place to breed, for the climate will suit very well."

"Is there a breed of Arab horses in Egypt? What do the Bedouins there ride?"

"Only camels; chiefly, I imagine, because of the scarcity of pasture. And camels are very cheap; a good one costs no more than five pounds, and the very best may be bought for fifteen. I ride them a great deal myself out there."

"Don't they make you sea-sick?"

"No; that is entirely a popular delusion about camels. I never met anyone who had been sick from riding a camel. But they are very difficult to sit, and, when they do kick, it is far more troublesome than when a horse does so. They seem to throw up their legs in all sorts of different directions. I think the worst experience I know is being run



THE STALLION SHAHWAR (EIGHT YEARS), IMPORTED 1887.

pounds. Well, when I had started my stud, I simply went on breeding the pure stock, and selling off a number whenever there were more than I could conveniently manage."

"Who are the most likely purchasers to-day?"

"Some will certainly be bought for the French Government. They are starting a thoroughbred Arab stud in Algeria, and they find it a very difficult thing to recruit. There are no proper Arab horses in Algeria, only Barbs. By the way, I read in some paper that I was having a sale of Barbs. I haven't a Barb in my stable. The Barb is a very inferior kind of animal."

"Do you cross your breed at all?"



THE STALLION AKMAR, FOALLED 1890 AT CRABBET PARK.

away with by a camel. You have very little control over him at best, and are peculiarly helpless when he runs away."

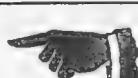
At the sale, the prices did not prove quite so good as Mr. Blunt had anticipated, and many of the lots had to be bought in. The afternoon was wound up by a garden-party, where friends from the whole countryside mingled with the buyers.

Before leaving, I took occasion to ask Mr. Blunt the precise extent of his stud. He made a rapid calculation on a piece of paper, and said—

"Now the sale is over, we have twenty-two brood mares, nine fillies, three stallions, and six two-year-old colts. I intend to keep the stud at about that level of mares."



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**CORPULENCE.—INCREASING POPULARITY
OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.**

Many people are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and, no doubt, it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpuulence and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had of booksellers, or post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer, but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCE.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpuulence and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation: "MISERABLE.—A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies of all ages who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending 6d. in stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follows his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

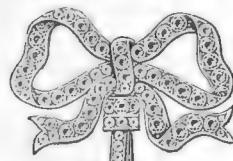
**"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR
CURING CORPULENCE.**

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpuulence naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpuulence and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate indeed a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage mixed with mineral waters" are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

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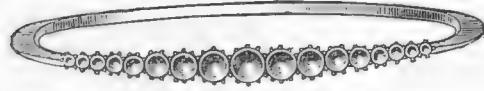
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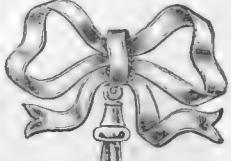
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A NEW CARMEN.

Since Minnie Hauk introduced "Carmen" to English people, nearly twenty years ago, many ladies have been seen in that picturesque part. The latest is Miss Nita Carritte, who has recently joined the Carl Rosa Company. Miss Carritte was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, her mother



MISS NITA CARRITTE.

Photo by Davis and Sanford, New York.

being French. She was educated in Paris, and during the time she was studying singing under Madame Lagrange she came under the notice of Gounod, who presented her with this delightful testimonial—

Mdlle. Nita Carritte possesses a charming voice, charming execution, and a charming nature. She is the favourite pupil of Madame Lagrange, and has sung several selections for me from "Faust" and "Romeo," and I can well judge of her intelligence by the charming manner in which she has followed my advice.

Although she had no intention of ever going into the profession, and although her parents endeavoured to dissuade her from so doing, she was soon busy singing on the concert platform in Paris. She came under the notice of Sir Augustus Harris, who engaged her, and she appeared on tour with the Italian Opera Company for a season. Then she had a good offer from Mr. Carte to take Miss Palliser's part in "The Gondoliers," but, after three months' service at the Savoy, her voice failed, and she was obliged to break the fifteen months' engagement and get back to France in order to recover. Thus ended her first visit to England. She had numerous engagements of a private nature. When her voice returned she began to study under Madame Marchesi, and received the benefit of Massenet's advice. She studied acting at the Grand Opéra, Paris, under the finest masters, made herself proficient in several languages, and diversified her studies with lessons in dancing. Two years ago she accepted an offer to join Duff's English Opera Company in America. She sang the *prima donna* parts in "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Carmen," throughout the two seasons' tours in the principal cities of the States. Her répertoire, however, consists of some thirty works.

"What kind of a time did you have at Miss Beacon's *soirée*?"
"Oh, stupid! None but clever people there."

Now that clean-shaven faces have become the fashion, despite the recent protest of an eminent legal luminary, who somewhat querulously argued in favour of his profession holding a monopoly of whiskerless checks, it is of primary importance that razors should be good. One may be assured of getting a good article in a "Kropp," which may be had at various prices.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to observe the calm that has settled down upon the country since the completion of the elections. There is one consolation about the result, that a good working majority has at last been obtained. A hundred and fifty odd is a very comfortable excess of strength, and, though it exaggerates the difference of voting power, it fairly represents the change in public opinion. The very champions of extreme democracy are almost silenced by the size of their catastrophe. Perhaps their own rout may suggest to them that the *vox populi* is not always the *vox Dei*, and that Demos occasionally turns and rends his servants and flatterers like any Oriental monarch. The old-fashioned Whigs and Tories, both aristocratical factions, distrusted the masses instinctively; the modern Tory Democrat and Advanced Liberal alike trust "the people," or say they do; and it is a shock to them when "the people's cause" turns out to be extremely unpopular. For there are two "people's causes," and one of them is always out in the cold.

At any rate, the present Government will be felt to have the country behind it; and in this fact alone lies a great hope. There can be no doubt that the interests of England abroad suffered under the late régime, partly because there was an impression abroad that a considerable section of the Liberal Party would not back up any decided course, and partly because there was an air of futility about Lord Rosebery. He often did the right thing, he followed in the main the right lines in foreign policy; but, somehow, everything turned out wrong. He was defied with impunity. A general impression seemed to pervade foreign countries that he did not mean business. Now Lord Salisbury has the reputation abroad of being a man less safe to meddle with. It is not so much his greater ability or strength, but an impression that if you cross him something may happen to you. It is not that he will do anything, but he has the "evil eye" for his enemies and those of his country. Lord Randolph Churchill tried to upset the Salisbury Government, and only committed political suicide. Russia strove against Lord Salisbury to acquire control over Bulgaria, and seemed to succeed. We know what happened to Russian influence in Bulgaria. Something is going to happen to it again. Mr. Chamberlain once declaimed against the policy of the "Jingo" Marquis; he is now cheerfully carrying out that policy in the Colonies. Lord Rosebery started a hesitating crusade against the Peers for always voting as Lord Salisbury bids them. We see what has become of the Liberal Party.

We are told by some journals that the Cossack-Republican Alliance is going to give us notice to quit Egypt very shortly. This is not unlikely, but need not alarm us much. We are bound to quit Egypt when Egypt can fend for herself. But can she, or will she ever be able to stand alone? That is the question, and it is not mere hypocrisy that makes us loth to leave our work half done for chaos to reclaim. But there should be an answer to the respectable firm of Ivan Ivanitch and Johnny Crapaud. When the Gaul entered Tunis, he protested much that he was but come to restore order and chastise the Khroumirs, of whom few had heard before, and none have heard since. France has promised to quit Tunis, and engaged to keep Biserta a commercial port. Why not suggest a convention for the simultaneous evacuation of Tunis and Egypt, and the dismantling of the fortifications of Biserta and Batoum? For that was to have remained unfortified also.

Further, there might be a demand for the restoration of the Siamese port held in breach of the treaty, and for indemnities for the French gunboat lately poaching in the Niger, and for half-a-dozen other little matters.

Above all, foreign affairs will continue to afford opportunities for the exercise of the dangerous yet useful gift of epigram and sarcasm that Lord Salisbury possesses. At home it is too precarious a weapon, for it offends good dull men, and plays into the hands of unscrupulous twisters of phrases. Mr. Gladstone never risked a phrase that could not bear many meanings. But, in foreign affairs, an occasional sharp quip begets respect and fear. The little remark about the "rather light soil" of the French slice of Africa—to wit, the Sahara—offended our neighbours, but probably enabled many of them to see how futile and ridiculous their land-hunger (or rather, sand-hunger) in Africa was becoming, since the land was unfit for colonists, and they had no colonists to put on it.

And, when that French exhibition gets to Antananarivo and "organises" the Malagasy, perhaps Lord Salisbury will remark, sympathetically, that the island does a large trade with France—imports, quinine and officials; exports, invalids.

MARMITON.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XLIV.—HOW THE "WORLD" WAS MADE.

As nearly as possible twenty-one years ago, Edmund Yates had not long returned to England from his American lecture-tour. That expedition, over and above other emoluments, had gained for him the post of European Correspondent-in-chief to Mr. James Gordon Bennett's paper, the *New York Herald*. About a decade earlier than this, in the 'sixties' latter half, I had been a contributor to *Temple Bar* under his editorship. But of my friend and chief I had heard or seen nothing since the summer of '67; till, calling at a club, of which we both were members, on a September day, I found a letter from the future "Atlas" of the *World*, appointing an interview on journalistic business.

Edmund Yates, whose birthplace was Edinburgh, was really far more reserved and cautious than his occasional manner might lead some persons to suppose. When we met, his communication amounted to nothing more than a statement that he had conceived the idea of an entirely new sort of weekly paper, something between the *Saturday Review* in its youth and the *Oliphant-Borthwick Owl*. For such a print I was to supply articles on social or political topics, like those which Mr. Yates had observed from my pen in other quarters. That the proceeds of his United States enterprise supplied the sinews of this new English undertaking was, I think, no secret. Subsequently, it transpired that Edmund Yates had as his partner in this business the late Grenville Murray, then domiciled on the Seine. Mr. Murray, like Yates himself, had served regularly under Charles Dickens on *Household Words*. Uniting the highest French culture with the sound Wellington Street discipline, he had formed a literary style which, for delicacy, incisiveness, and a power of graphic description in the fewest possible words, was at this time unique in the English Press. His novel, "Young Brown," published about then in the *Cornhill Magazine*, contained sketches, thinly disguised, of Chandos and Buckingham's Duke, as well as of the Stowe Crash, with a scene wherein his Grace betrays a country girl for his noble amusement. These word-pictures, in respect of reserved force, delicate yet pregnantly powerful suggestion, have never, in recent years, been surpassed. Murray gave his opinion on proofs sent to him in Paris, offering occasionally some very useful hints, and protesting against the style for which he was the first to invent the term "journalese." But the actual editing, from the first number to his life's end, was done by Edmund Yates himself, while the successive "features" developed in the cosmic columns, when they did not spring from his initiative, were improved by his suggestions.

In the second or third number Murray began a very clever novel, which, though he brought it to a close shortly afterwards, he did not complete, and which, even though it may have been republished, is still a fragment. Immediately after this, Edmund Yates produced, as a *feuilleton*, a story from his own pen, under the title of "Two by Tricks." This, for the first time, struck the keynote of compositions that were afterwards to become a "speciality" in the paper.

He, too, it was who originated the studies of well-known personages that, under the title "Portraits in Oil," first fixed public attention on the broadsheet. The editor had also two very useful collaborators in the late Mortimer Collins and F. I. Seudamore. The former had contributed charming verses to *Temple Bar* when Yates was its editor; the latter showed himself, subsequently, the happiest writer of political rhymes and "squibs" known at the time. "Some of the old musical stuff, with a dash of impudence," was, I recollect, the editorial instruction to Collins. The poet not only fulfilled the command, but found his earliest inspiration in it. Frank Seudamore, an old "Grecian" of Christ's Hospital, who had kept up his classics, and was deeply read in the Anti-Jacobin school of letters, furnished "Songs of the Session," which ought to have been reprinted.

Sir Henry James's Foreign Loan Committee was then sitting. Among the many who were considered, to the universal surprise, to be remotely touched by its disclosures was the charming, chivalrous, and popular

Admiral Edmonstone, formerly a great figure in the House of Commons. This old gentleman was humorously bantered by the poet with the refrain—

Why, Lor' bless your heart! I'm a sailor,
A frank, unsuspecting old sailor.

By this time the "journal for men and women," as its sub-title ran, had, in Yankee phrase, "caught on." Mr. Henry Labouchere had from the first furnished the original "City" articles, which immediately made their mark; while the Guildhall summons granted to Messrs. Boss and Beyfus for an alleged libel in the series concerning West-End usurers, came to an end after the case had been heard, and served as a gratuitous advertisement for the journal. A Laboucherian sequel to these articles, attacking the Revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, on commercial grounds, was more bitter but less telling.

The first of Edmund Yates's contributors to drop off by death was, I fancy, his intimate friend George Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," then living at Boulogne, who had supplied one or two *feuilletons*, under the title of "Town and Country Tales." Poor Mortimer Collins fell asleep not long afterwards to the music of the Thames which he loved so passionately and hymned so sweetly, breathing his last in, I think, the spring of 1875, at Nightingale Hall, Isleworth. Mr. Labouchere continued his piquant contributions until, after due warning, he retired to found that journal which he has long since made a power. Edmund Yates always possessed genuinely literary tastes. These he gratified, to the public's delight and instruction, by the occasional essays of his old Post Office friend, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, a renowned scholar in all that appertains to Samuel Johnson and his epoch. Himself, like his trusty friend and confidant, to-day his executor, J. C. Parkinson, thoroughly saturated with the Charles Dickens tradition, and having received the earliest discipline in his craft "under the master," Edmund Yates wished to reproduce many of the old features which Dickens's example had rendered in some sort classical. Within a year or two of its starting, he began in his paper the "Celebrities at Home" series, then chiefly written by another pupil of Dickens, the well-informed, vigorous, and versatile B. H. Becker of the *Daily News*. Sport was treated in a similarly popular style by the experienced and graceful pen of J. Comyns Cole. The dramatic criticisms, that first made their mark, were by Dutton Cook. The best-instructed and most noticeable political articles, in the days when the *World*, being independent of parties, was not a political cipher, were written by the late Ralph Earle, formerly private secretary to Mr. Disraeli, and a prime mover in the machinations against the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867: Mr. Earle was not the only public person who, about this era, wrote regularly in these columns. Poor Valentine Baker solaced his cruelly severe captivity by penning papers on modern cavalry, which the *Times* at once quoted *in extenso*. The two Brackenburys, Henry and Charles, H. M. Hozier, Captain (to-day Admiral) Cyprian Bridge, the graceful and vigorous Major Arthur Griffiths, sometimes Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, instructed the public on graver topics of the time in Yates's newspaper.

The "Letters to Eminent Persons," signed "Kosmos," belong to a later period. Their honesty, absence alike of party bias or personal prejudice, made them an unique success. They have been attributed incorrectly both to a syndicate and to many individual writers. Among the names mentioned in the latter category was, at one time, that of no less gifted a lady than Mrs. Edmund Yates herself. Had that been so, I almost fancy I might have heard of it from Yates himself. It is now generally understood that the author of these compositions was Kosmo Wilkinson, whose pen seems at work once more under Mr. Courtney in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Although he jealously kept in his own hands the paper's actual direction, and himself passed every proof, Edmund Yates introduced into his friendly conversation with the guests who shared his weekly hospitalities at his Thames-side villa or elsewhere, frequent discussion on newspaper topics. It was rarely he decided on a fresh line of policy or a novel feature for his broadsheet, without tentatively submitting both experiments to men gathered beneath his roof, on whose judgment he relied; chief among whom were Major Griffiths and the indefatigably loyal, as well as amazingly sensible and shrewd, Joseph Charles Parkinson. This gentleman, while serving his country at Somerset House, had long since won his spurs, journalistically, both in the Wellington Street office and on the staff of the *Daily News*. This was the epoch before Mr. Parkinson had become a pillar of commerce and industry; when, as yet, family connections had not secured his firm hand and clear mind for the administration of a great portion of the South Wales coal trade; and, had his time permitted, he would probably have succeeded his friend in the editorship of a paper to which his supervision is still essential.

The *World* dinners at Greenwich used to be functions in which the host specially delighted, and in which he appeared to great advantage. Many friends of the paper who never regularly wrote in it were invited on these occasions. The chief guests answering this description were the late E. F. S. Pigott, one of Yates's closest friends; the late J. P. Knight, secretary of the London and Brighton Railway; and Dr. (to-day Sir) Richard Quain, Bart., M.D.

No one, after Mr. Parkinson, has a better knowledge of Edmund Yates's later methods, or, towards his life's close, saw more of his chief, than the paper's new editor, Mr. F. Drummond, who, before he worked regularly under Mr. Yates, had learnt his journalistic business under Mr. Greenwood and elsewhere.

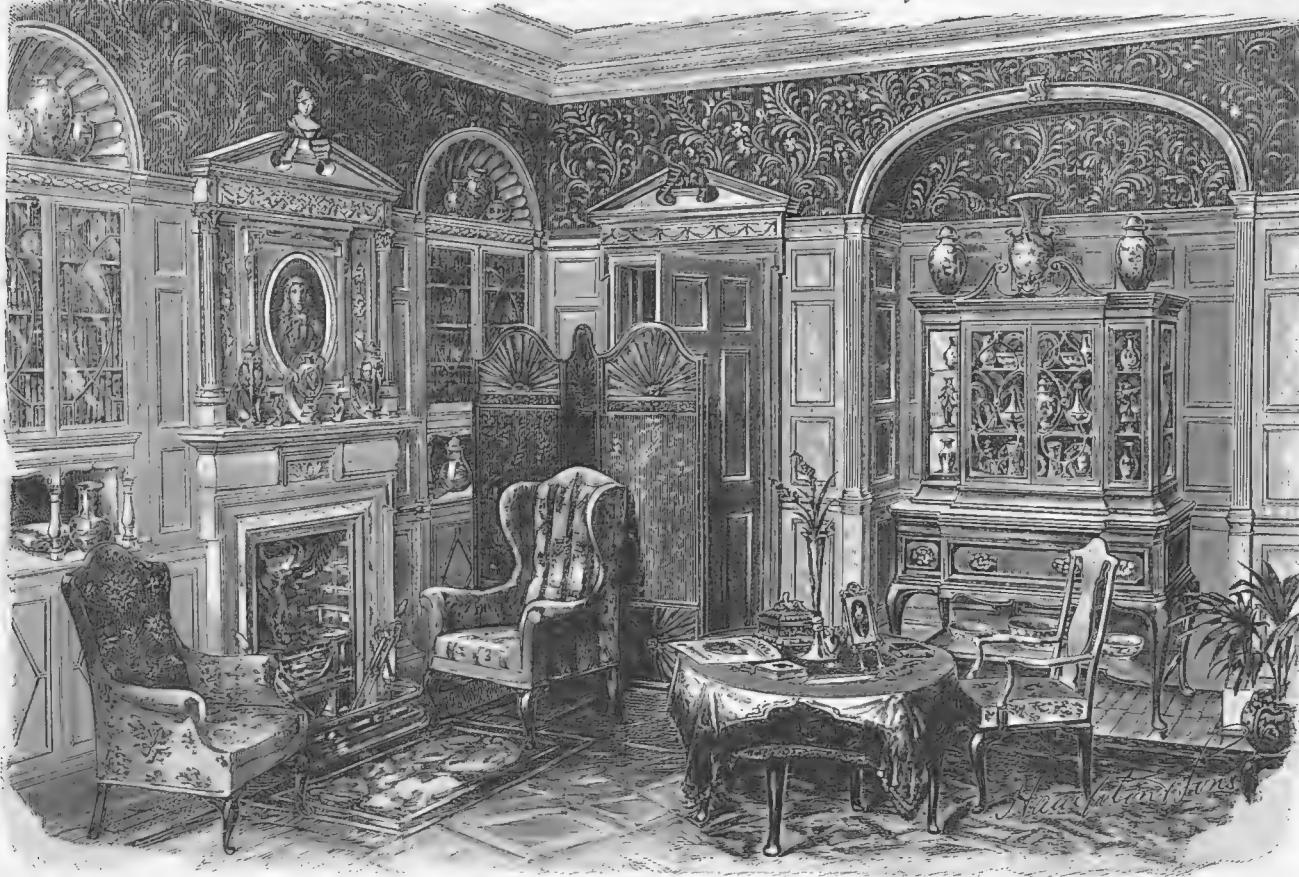
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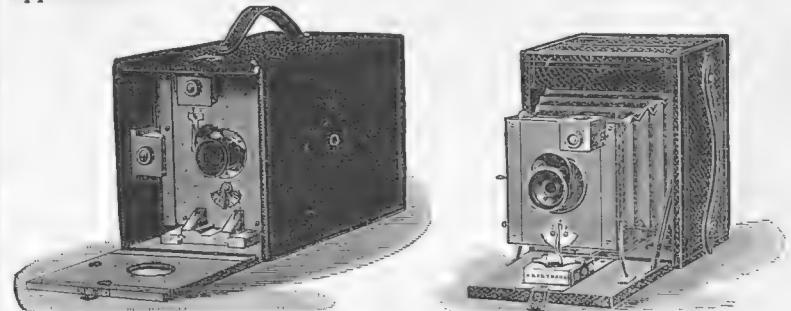
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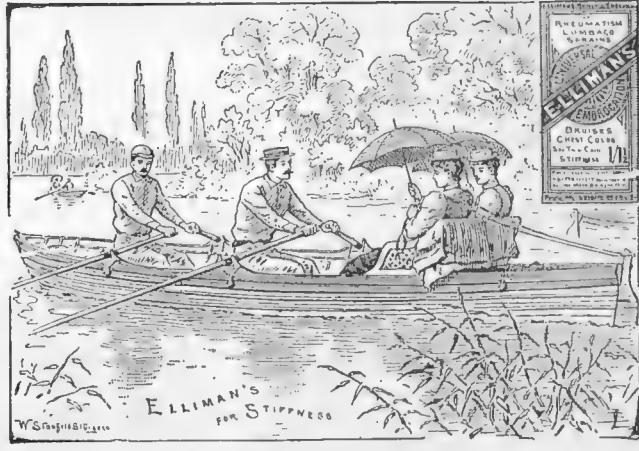
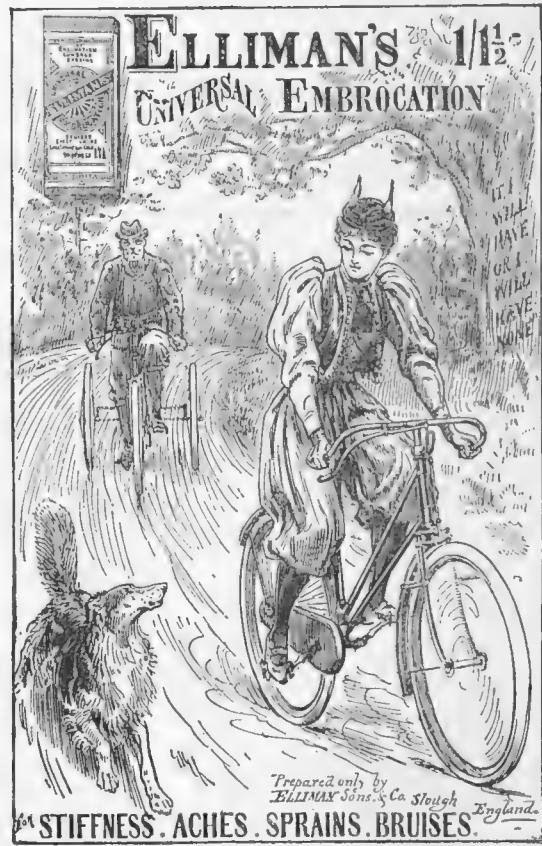
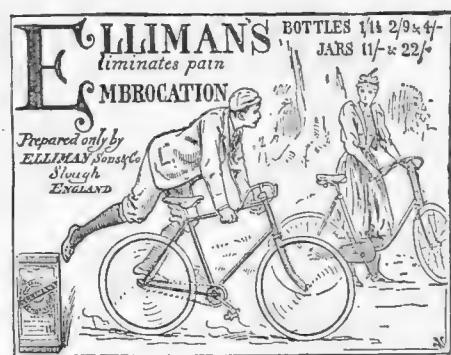
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CRICKET.

The reign of the batsman is over, and the reign of the bowler has begun. It is the weather that is responsible. Give us clear, dry weather, with a softening shower twice a week, and the heart of the batsman rejoices. On the contrary, let the windows of the heavens open for four days out of the seven, and the trundler smileth his most expansive smile.

About half of the County Championship matches have now been played, so that the present is a good opportunity of "taking stock" and noting where we are, as the song says. I find that, up to last Thursday, Surrey led the way with eleven points for seventeen matches played. Then followed Yorkshire, with eight for eighteen, and Lancashire, with six for thirteen. The others, practically speaking, are nowhere. There is no question that Surrey is going strong—stronger, I believe, than ever in the history of the club, and that is saying a great deal. George Lohmann has not only come back from "Capetown skies," but he has returned to his best form. Even then he is not the equal of our gallant Richardson with the ball. "Long Tom," in spite of his exertions in Australia on behalf of "England, home, and beauty," is bowling as well as ever; and when I state that, on wickets wet or wickets dry, he invariably comes out with a better bowling analysis than Lohmann, you may guess what manner of man he is.

If we take the batting and bowling averages of the first-class counties for the first half of the season, we find some rather curious placings. Surrey is at the top of the batting averages, and that is all right; but many will be surprised to find Sussex second. The balance, however, is restored by a glance at the bowling averages, where Sussex comes out last. But let the figures speak for themselves—

COUNTY BATTING AVERAGES.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Surrey ...	6501	211	30.81
Sussex ...	6751	248	27.22
Yorkshire ...	7961	305	26.10
Lancashire ...	5188	207	25.06
Middlesex ...	4481	179	25.03
Warwickshire ...	5254	224	23.45
Kent ...	4691	211	22.23
Somersetshire ...	5137	233	22.04
Gloucestershire ...	3385	156	21.69
Derbyshire ...	4058	189	21.47
Hampshire ...	3348	169	19.81
Essex ...	4094	216	18.95
Nottinghamshire ...	4457	239	18.64
Leicestershire ...	3943	250	15.77

COUNTY BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Lancashire ...	246	4034	16.39
Surrey ...	341	6238	18.29
Yorkshire ...	346	6711	19.39
Essex ...	210	4085	19.45
Hampshire ...	161	3215	19.96
Derbyshire ...	171	3514	20.54
Notts ...	220	4715	21.43
Leicestershire ...	198	4467	22.56
Gloucestershire ...	149	3431	23.02
Warwickshire ...	205	4889	23.84
Middlesex ...	191	4793	25.09
Kent ...	185	5455	29.48
Somersetshire ...	189	5928	31.36
Sussex ...	222	7116	32.05

The matches for next (*Sketch*) week include the Surrey *v.* Yorkshire fixture at the Oval, which will be set aside for the benefit of Robert Abe', the famous professional batsman, who has done so much for Surrey cricket—

- Aug. 8—At Leyton, Essex *v.* Surrey.
- At Clifton, Gloucestershire *v.* Middlesex.
- At Canterbury, Kent *v.* Yorkshire.
- At Taunton, Somerset *v.* Sussex.
- At Leicester, Leicestershire *v.* Derbyshire.
- At Birmingham, Warwickshire *v.* Hampshire.
- 12—At Lord's, Middlesex *v.* Essex.
- At Oval, Surrey *v.* Yorkshire.
- At Bristol, Gloucestershire *v.* Kent.
- At Brighton, Sussex *v.* Lancashire.

ATHLETICS.

The Cambridge University athletes are now on their way to New York, to prepare for their encounter with Yale College on Oct. 5. The Englishmen are well advised in taking all the time at their disposal to get fit for the big event. Yale has agreed to the suggestion that the longer sprint shall be 300 yards instead of 220, while the Cantabs have given away a sure thing in agreeing to give up the three-mile event. One likes to hear of the good sportsmanship which these concessions on either side suggest.

CYCLING.

Judging by the poor attendance at the Herne Hill twenty-four hours' race, I fancy the public are getting tired of these long-distance events, and I am glad of it. It is a sorry show altogether. Who, for instance, can take pleasure in watching a few wan and weary wheeling-men grind out the giddy round for two hours of the clock? If it is bad for the spectators, what must it be for the poor devils themselves? No one ever pretended that the men liked it, though Frank Shorland, with his cheery ways, gave one the impression that it was "all gay."

GOLF.

The two Willies—Park and Dunn—have been playing a series of matches in America for the benefit of the natives and themselves. When did you ever find Scotsmen giving anything away for nothing? Park won the first two, but the third went in favour of Dunn, as the following scores will show—

Dunn ...	First Round	6 3 6 3 5 4 7 7 5—45	
	Second Round	5 4 5 5 4 5 5 6 6—45	176
	Third Round	5 4 5 4 4 4 5 7 4—42	
	Fourth Round	4 3 5 4 4 5 5 7 6—43	
Park ...	First Round	5 4 6 3 5 4 7 6 5—45	
	Second Round	5 4 4 4 5 5 5 7 6—45	185
	Third Round	5 3 5 4 5 5 6 8 7—48	
	Fourth Round	6 3 7 5 4 5 6 6 5—47	

OLYMPIAN.

THE PROSPECTIVE SURREY CAPTAIN.

Cricketers may come and cricketers may go, but Grace goes on for ever. Among those who are come, the brilliant young Cantab who forms the subject of this interview stands forth as the most likely to stamp his name upon the age of famous cricketers. It says much for Druce that, in a year when the one and only "W. G." has excelled even himself, a comparative youngster should actually have headed him in the averages.

I found Mr. Druce (writes "Olympian") in the Catford Bridge pavilion, on the occasion of his débüt in the famous Surrey team. The Light Blue was anxiously expecting the rain to give over, thereby admitting himself to be a very "new" cricketer indeed.

"You will agree with me, Mr. Druce, that yours has been a brief but brilliant career?"

"I admit that it has been brief, but I fail to detect any sign of brilliancy in it," replied the Cambridge batsman modestly. "You will have noticed that I did not justify my place in the Varsity match, seeing that I aggregated only 20 runs in the two innings. As a matter of fact, I did better in 1894, when I gained my place as twelfth man."

"And yet you must have felt more nervous last year than this?"

"I was not particularly nervous this season, but I suppose the bowling was too good. I certainly should have made more, considering that this is my most successful year."

"Where did you get your experience?"

"At St. David's School, in my birthplace, Reigate. I was sent there in 1886, and stayed for four seasons, figuring in the eleven in 1887 and 1888. In 1889 I went to Marlborough, and was appointed captain in 1893, after which I proceeded to Cambridge, coming out with the poor average of 13 for seven first-class innings. This season is the second of the four I am staying there, and it is noteworthy to me, for I made my highest score, 199 not out. It is not the biggest total I have ever made, for I once hit up 225, not out, for the Crusaders against Christ Church."

"And your theory of batting?"

"I have none—I simply make runs when I can. If I have a favourite stroke, it is a kind of half-drive past cover-point, and I find it easier to bring off against fast bowling. Providing the wicket be hard and true, I prefer fast bowlers to slow or medium-paced."

"You will be able to represent Surrey in most of their matches?"

"I should like to, if I am good enough. For the last one or two I will not be available, as I purpose making a member of Mr. Frank Mitchell's American tourists. My brother, W. G., was also invited to assist the Champions, but he finds he cannot spare the time. I have another brother, in the Army, who is a very fair cricketer, but he does not obtain many opportunities of indulging in the game."

"Do you follow any other pastime?"

"I used to play Rugby football until I met with an accident; but, practically speaking, I confine my attention wholly and solely to cricket. I always loved the game best, and, in my opinion, there is none other to equal it. I once thought of cultivating bowling, but I am not very successful with the ball."

"I don't suppose that will matter much in a team of Champions?"

"I hope not," laughed Druce. "And if Richardson and Lohmann generally bowl as they did to-day, I will not be required to handle the ball. As a Surrey-born man, my sympathies always were with the Champions, and I used to go to the Oval regularly to see them play."

"You did not score freely on that happy hunting-ground, Hove, this season?"

"No; I daresay it is, as I am informed, the easiest scoring turf in England, but the Cambridge eleven did not find it so. Humphreys' lobs got us all out."

"What is the reason of a first-class batting team going out to such primitive bowling?"

"Merely want of practice. You see, we get no lob practice at Varsity, and the consequence is that, when we go from the lightning deliveries of the crack bowlers engaged to easy under-hand balls, we scarcely realise the way it should be treated, and, while we are thinking, we get out. Still, Humphreys is a long way the best lob bowler in England."

Mr. Druce is a finely built young fellow of twenty, standing 5 ft. 10 in., and weighing 11 st. 2 lb. His pose at the wicket is very graceful, and, with more experience, he may be relied upon to become a champion batsman. He is intended by the Surrey executive for the captaincy of the Champion County in the near future.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I have joined with enthusiasm the ever-swelling ranks of that noble army which is now busily engaged in besieging all the leading drapery establishments, in search of holiday garments, for, though one feels tempted occasionally to take all one's oldest clothes, and fly to some forsaken spot, where Dame Fashion has never entered, and where the full skirt and the fuller sleeve are unknown quantities, this hermit-like frame of mind does not last long. Indeed, on the other hand, one of the greatest



of the anticipatory delights of a holiday is to be found in the search for, and final capture of, some particularly fascinating gowns or hats, or the inevitable blouse; and, as for the later realisation, I can guarantee that the ozone's health-giving properties are increased tenfold if the feminine fair who inhale it have a mind at peace with all the world, because they know their serge or alpaca gown is as far above reproach as Caesar's wife.

And I, for one, believe in starting a holiday well, by travelling in a smart as well as a comfortable gown; and glad am I to find, by ocular demonstration, that the typical Englishwoman, who put on her oldest and most hideous gown when she took her journeys abroad by train or boat, is becoming altogether extinct, together with the shiny black waterproof which, in the wet days of earlier times, transformed our grandmothers into the likeness of animated oilskin barrels. Given a pretty travelling-dress, an interesting book or paper, and a packet of chocolate in its most glorified form, and I am prepared to aver that the longest and dreariest of railway journeys will lose half its weariness—such a dress, for instance, as one of those sketched for you this week, where, surmounting a perfectly plain full skirt of cornflower-blue alpaca, there is a smart little coat-bodice, fastened across the front by a broad band of black satin, which forms a bow and loop at either side. There is black satin, again, at the waist, and at the back of the neck it forms a goodly sized bow; and, as to the vest, what matters it if it be in black or blue, or, better still, blue over yellow, so long as it is of chiffon, to do away, in its full softness, with any suggestion of hardness in the tailor-made simplicity

of this desirable gown? You will find, if you select alpaca for the making thereof, that the clouds of dust, which are the invariable accompaniment of a railway journey, will find no comfortable resting-place on its shiny, silky surface, and will therefore seek other and more congenial fabrics; while you will, on your arrival, discover that, for once, at least, you have escaped the creased, and consequently dilapidated, appearance which is the usual result of many hours' enforced restfulness. As to the style of this dress, nothing could well be prettier, the smart little basques being delightfully becoming in their outstanding fulness, though I must warn you that their wired stiffness requires careful treatment before you can dispose yourself and them with any degree of comfort in the corner of a railway-carriage. However, that point satisfactorily settled, everything is plain sailing.

If, on the other hand, it should chance that your figure does not come under the designation of slim, the very thought of one of these full-basqued coats must be put away from you, for their aggressive folds would accentuate your width in a manner dreadful to contemplate; but you can fall back on the equally fashionable little Zouave bodice, worn over one or other of the many variations on the great blouse theme, and, if it is made with discretion, and terminates some inches above the waist, you will find the result very satisfactory. There should, to my thinking, be no half-measures about these bodices, for, if they hesitate just above the waist-line, they give a short-waisted and shrunk effect which is not desirable; but, if you boldly imitate our second sketch, you will come out of the ordeal triumphantly. This same dress is calculated, I think you will allow, to make the wearer an object of interest to all beholders,



let her place of holiday sojourning be where it may. The effect would be intensified, I fancy, and transformed into green-eyed jealousy, if the skirt and Zouave should be fashioned of somewhat bright-green linen, and worn over a blouse of cornflower-blue, accordion-pleated chiffon, made beautiful with many insertion rows of bright-green satin baby-ribbon, covered with mellow-tinted lace. This blouse would play an important part in the costume, for you will note that the Zouave is much abbreviated in every way, and only commences when it cannot possibly help it, if it is to

[Continued on page 121.]

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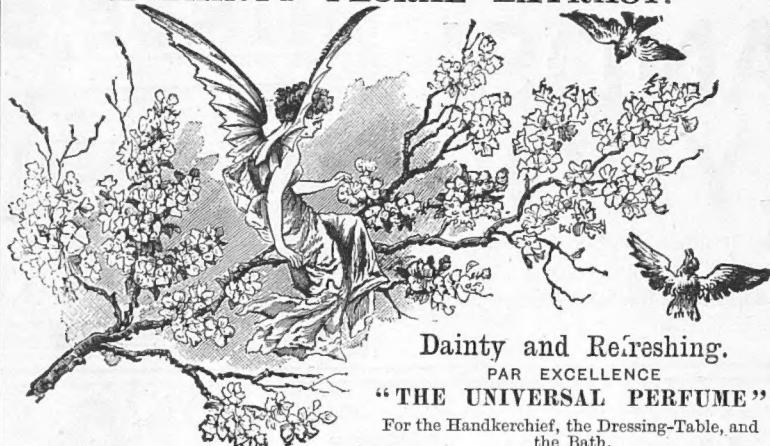
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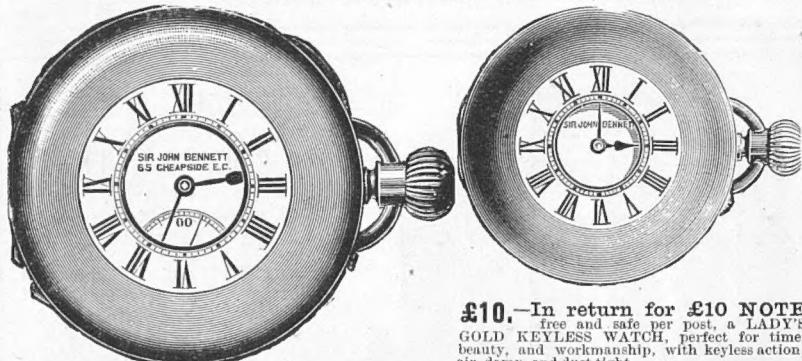
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cover the shoulders at all, while on its length we have already commented. At the back it boasts of a sailor collar, while in front there are revers, cut out in battlement form, and glorified by the halo of originality; while the buttons which bedeck the fronts, and appear again on the skirt-tabs and the sleeves, should, if I were to have my choice, be of a new kind, which I saw, and was fascinated by, on a perfect tailor-built costume the other day. Where they are to be found I have yet to discover; but they are desirable enough to warrant a search, for their smooth surface, though innocently silvery under some aspects, can take upon itself all the hues of the rainbow in other lights, and the wonder of what exquisite colour will next flash upon you will keep your eyes fixed on any gown which these buttons adorn. Therefore, they are very desirable; but, failing them, you must be content with the more ordinary cut-steel. The waist-band should be of black satin, for, if you want to take two or three inches from the apparent size of your waist, insist on having it encircled by a black band of some kind, this particular one being guiltless of any frivolity in the way of bow or rosette, and simply drawn through a buckle of silver or steel, as your purse or your fancy may dictate. And there you have a gown which will prove its usefulness and smartness on many an occasion.

Of course, blue would be a more serviceable colour, and one which would be treated more tenderly by sun and sea; but you might have this dress in the original green for promenade wear, and indulge in a blue serge or blue-and-white striped flannel gown for those times when you desired to make the closer acquaintance of the sad sea waves. A dress of this kind, which had its birth in Paris, but has since migrated here, at the behest of a friend of mine, was striking enough to warrant a description. Imagine the skirt and the full bishop's sleeves of white flannel, striped narrowly with red, while there was a *décolleté* bodice—no other word describes it—of red flannel, which was worn over a shirt of white taffetas, finished with a manly collar and a smart little tie of black taffetas. The effect was distinctly good, I can assure you, especially when the crowning point was given by a sailor-hat of white straw, the low crown encircled with folds of red ribbon drawn at each side through a buckle of straw and tied at the back in two wing-like bows. The shape of this hat was, I thought, infinitely more becoming than the latest sailor-hat which is now on view in the Regent Street windows. At the back the brim was rather narrow, but in front it widened out considerably, and the low crown, backed by those great bows, was distinctly pretty. This same favourite of fortune flaunted before my dazzled eyes a costume rivalling Joseph's far-famed coat as to colours, and it took me some time to distribute them properly. Then I resolved them into a skirt of bright periwinkle-blue glacé silk, opening twice at each side over a petticoat of chiné glacé, whose blurred flowers in blue, pink, yellow, green, and mauve, were massed together in amicable confusion. This wonderful fabric also composed the bodice, which rejoiced in a perfectly plain collar of grass-green satin, and a draped waist-band actually of the same colour; while last, but by no means least, I was introduced to the accompanying hat of green straw, with a high frill of green glacé ribbon jealously guarding the crown, and, high above all, two black ostrich-tips waving triumphantly at the back.

After this I was prepared for anything, even for the unexpected sight of a double skirt! At first I refused to believe that this dead-and-gone garment had been brought to life again in Paris, but, having been convinced on this point, I promptly departed homewards, and dug up from the depths of oblivion an old trunk my three-year-old double-skirt costume. But, alas! when I looked at it, I was forced to acknowledge that the new double skirt has but little in common with the old; so, as yet, I have not attempted to rival my Paris-clad friend, though, indeed, just at this present time, you can wear almost anything and everything, for fashion is in a transition stage, and, in the absence of any fixed laws, we are all following our own sweet wills.

FLORENCE.

The *Era* ought to be puffed up. It is mentioned in Mr. Herbert Spencer's article in the new *Contemporary* dealing with the stage. The philosopher's treatment of the theme is a little hasty. Of the modern stage he has nothing to say, except a mention of the *Era* and of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. It is the advertisements in the theatrical journal which have most deeply impressed him.

Mr. Le Gallienne is writing a story, a travelling, picturesque sort of thing, half romance, half essays, somewhat after the manner of "Narcissus," to be called "The Quest of the Golden Girl." He is also to edit a reissue of Walt Whitman for England. Since his visit to the States, he has become more interested in American literature. The Americans strike him, indeed, as being more generally interested in literature than we, more alive to the new thing, and more anxious not to miss the good thing. But, then, many of his ideas about America have changed. A lot of the Englishman's views about the Americans and their country are purely mythical, and probably inspired by international jealousy. Mr. Le Gallienne had always heard such tales about the ugliness of New York that he was naturally surprised to find, in Fifth Avenue, an infinitely finer street than any we have got in England. There are buildings in it that only need to be two hundred years old, and in a country with a reputation for architecture, to rank among the wonders of the world. Then he thinks the Americans are a much more hospitable people than we. They are at much more pains to make a stranger at home; and if they say less, being busy people, they mean more.

THE SKETCH.

MRS. ROYAL-DAWSON.

I have a penchant for reciters, and have heard in my time most of the best. I have sat and listened with delight to the exquisite elocution and music of Clifford Harrison, and laughed with those who laughed at the whimsical humour of diminutive Marshall P. Wilder, from the United States. I have been thrilled by the pathos, of which Alexander Watson is so absolute a master, in such a piece as "The Flight of Little Em'ly,"

and admired the artless art of Miss Tulloch, the tragic ability of Miss Bass in "A Royal Princess," the grace of Miss Bourne, and the mirth-provoking style of Mr. Edgar B. Skeet. I have spent pleasant hours hearing a reminiscence of David Garrick by Mr. Chillingham Hunt, and have more than once been moved to smiles by Miss Beatrice Herford's American dialect-sketches. And I have no doubt you, my reader, could add many a name to this inadequate list. You would recall occasions when Madame Sarah Bernhardt had delighted you in a drawing-room no less than on the stage, or when Miss Julia Neilson had shown what an exquisite voice and manner she has for recitation. Every season brings us reciters—good, bad, and very indifferent, but few attain a first-class reputation. I am going to prophesy, however, that a lady whom I

heard for the first time recently will achieve great success. Her name is Mrs. Royal-Dawson. She began her programme with that touching piece, "A Frenchwoman's Story," which years ago I heard Miss Geneviève Ward recite. You have probably heard it, but, I warrant, not as Mrs. Royal-Dawson gave it to us that evening. She did not recite it—she lived it. She lost sight of her audience from the first sentence, and was, for the nonce, the happy, then the heart-broken, and again the happy Frenchwoman. Her broken English was simply perfect in its *naïve* imperfection; her voice varied with every shade of emotion; her laughter and her tears were always natural, and were, therefore, always reflected in her audience "as in a looking-glass." The passing traffic, the thunderstorm which flashed into the room ribbons of lightning, were forgotten as Mrs. Royal-Dawson told the story, and at its close we knew we had been hearing an artist. The next selection was a humorous excerpt from the works of Jerome K. Jerome, and after that we heard a dialogue, and then Hamilton Aidé's "Lost and Found." Mrs. Royal-Dawson showed, in this wide gamut of choice, the variety of her powers of elocution, and proved how thoroughly she has studied her art. Her voice is delightful, her manner graceful, and "dull would he be of soul" who failed to enjoy her recitations. I am told that her young son, Master Vernon Royal-Dawson,

sings charmingly, and I can well believe it. He is the soloist at the church associated till recently with the name of Prebendary Eyton, and often appears at his mother's recitals. Let me advise you to lose no opportunity of comparing Mrs. Royal-Dawson with the reciters you may have heard, and I have no fear but that she will come well out of the contrast.

D. W.

For the Brighton races to-day and to-morrow cheap trains will leave Victoria at 8.25 a.m., Addison Road at 8.10 a.m., London Bridge at 8.30 a.m. and 9.20 a.m. Fast trains (first and second class only) will leave London Bridge at 10.40 a.m. and Victoria at 10.40 a.m. For the Lewes races, on Friday and Saturday, special fast trains will leave London Bridge at 9 a.m. and 10.40 a.m.

In celebration of the Freedom of the Scheldt, a series of fêtes will be held at Antwerp, commencing Saturday, and lasting throughout the week. They will include Venetian fêtes, regattas, &c., and a "Cortège Naval," when the King of the Belgians is expected to be present. Intending visitors leaving London any week-day evening, and the chief Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon, reach Antwerp, via Harwich, early next morning.



MRS. ROYAL-DAWSON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MASTER VERNON ROYAL-DAWSON.

Photo by Smith, King's Lynn.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Very refined, very fine—and the latter word has overtaken and outstripped its derivative, in a literary sense—are the sketches which Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema entitles "The Crucifix, a Venetian Phantasy; and Other Tales" (Osgood). Delicate and subtle they are, and very unexhilarating. They are hardly morbid; they express no actual delight, as do so many modern stories, in the dark and the gloomy and the sorrowful. But the pensive view of things is so taken for granted, the writer's mind is so susceptible to the pathetic in life, that, if a reader succumbs to her influence at all—and she breathes an influence—he will rise from the reading perhaps in a hushed and chastened, certainly in a wearied mood. If it be the sentimental lassitude of youth Miss Alma-Tadema is expressing, there is real promise for her as a writer. If the melancholy be ingrained, it is, we fear, a symptom of weakness, for the very rare change of mood she shows is rather like a sign of want of vitality.

She has uttered one of the moods of Venice in this phantasy—a series of delicate word-pictures of visions which were evoked by an old ivory carved crucifix, of hopes unfulfilled, love deceived, suffering unguessed of. But only one. "In Venice," she says, "one can hear the voices of the dead." But it is rather the voices of mourners for the dead she hears. The old Venetians—gay, proud, resolute, frivolous, full of the lust of life—do not speak much to her across the centuries. Their history would, I think, be antipathetic to her. Her Venice is dim and faded, poetical and pathetic. Perhaps her temper suits better a city in decay.

"From Shadow to Sunlight" (A. Constable) is a queer thing in fiction. Its noble author, the Marquis of Lorne, has made heroic efforts after a popular variety of incident and circumstance—boating adventures on the West Coast of Scotland, rescue of a beautiful lady from fire in a San Francisco theatre, and so on—but he cannot escape from family tendencies, and his story, of a size and form to attract hasty railway-readers, is eminently theological. This is wrong-headed enough; but the theology could be skipped. Only it is so much more satisfactory than the story. A lovely young American and some others set off to explore haunted caves, and they see and hear a ghost. But it isn't a ghost, only a young man singing a very sophisticated hymn. He turns up again in America, with a melancholy air, and every evidence of a dark past. He avoids his fellow-countrymen with a criminal mysteriousness, and he is branded as traitor by some of them who cross the path of the maiden he loves. At this point he becomes interesting. But he soon spoils it all by his explanation. Early in life he had become—think of it—a Roman Catholic! Later on, he had again become—a Protestant! How should he not be mysterious and melancholy, and avoid the sight of his countrymen? Needless to say, this tragically theological young man was a Scot. In the faithful remnant of the admirers of "Robert Elsmere," some sympathetic readers may be found for the noble marquis's story, but it will try the temper of the ordinary tourist who invests in it at the bookstall, unless he have a thirst for miscellaneous information. The crofter question is discussed—from the benevolently patriarchal standpoint—and there are some highly instructive remarks about the Chinese drama.

The critics are too apt to look with contemptuous patronage at the literary efforts of such as have made a name in other spheres of energy. They may write their biographies or specialist disquisitions, but an epic, no; and if a lyric escapes them, it is well that it should go unpublished. From the craftsman's point of view it is all wrong. What a man of action, for instance, thinks of the things the poets dream about is not quite worthless; the sentimental side of a politician is particularly interesting. They are only too often shy of the critics' scorn. But Sir Henry Parkes has outlived the age of shyness, has reached the time of life when sentiment is least of all restrained; and so we have from him "Sonnets and Other Verses" (Kegan Paul). It is a valiant little book, full of fresh, youthful enthusiasms, and evidence of mental and physical health. Will any of our age-worn, weary young poets ever be able to write an autobiographical sonnet called "Four Score," and in this temper?

I count the mercifullest part of all
God's mercies, in this coil of eighty years,
Is that no sense of being disappears
Or fails.

For the rest, the sonnets are mostly in praise of the brave ones of history, and the great events that have given fuller liberty to men. But he finds room for the frankly sentimental, sings of "The Rose," of "Moonlight on the Troubled World," and the other themes that tempt youths of sixteen before they have learnt to think of worse ones.

If "Quaint Korea" (Osgood) meets a lounger's eye, he may feel confident that it is one of the books for him. Less good than Mrs. Jordan Miln's former book, "When we were Strolling Players in the East," this "peep at Korea as a very average woman saw it—a woman who enjoyed herself in Korea"—is, nevertheless, a model for all who write travel-impressions without being scientists, or explorers, or politicians, or statisticians of solemn weight and value. It is, at least, unaffected and intelligent and vivacious, if its style is rather spasmodic—now of real literary merit, now jerky, like a bright child's letter. Long before the end, a reader is bound to feel a strong desire to see the queer, picturesque country that till lately had "escaped the blight and blessing of our civilising touch."

o. o.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 2, 1895.

The following three selections of five investments, to pay 4, 5, and 6 per cent., may be of use to your friends, and by a judicious distribution of money over the whole fifteen securities we think a good income may be secured—

FOUR PER CENT. LIST.

- (1) Chilian 4½ Stock.
- (2) Turkish (1891) Defence Loan.
- (3) Nizams Guaranteed State Railway.
- (4) Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis Consolidated Mortgage 4½, Guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Railway.
- (5) Allsopp's 6 per cent. Pref. Shares.

(3) Trustees Corporation A Debentures.

- (4) City of Napier six per cent. 1914 Bonds.
- (5) Tamplin and Son Ordinary Shares (Brewery).

SIX PER CENT. LIST.

- (1) United States Brewing Preference Shares.
- (2) Standard Bank of South Africa.
- (3) Minas and Rio Railway Shares.
- (4) Uruguay Three and a-Half Stock.
- (5) City of Mexico five per cent. Bonds.

Of course, each of the above securities will not yield exactly the interest required, but the average of each five will be slightly over the stated figure, while in no case do we see any considerable risk of default, and only in the Standard Bank of South Africa is there any liability for uncalled capital.

We are sending you the *Investor's Review* for August, beginning with a wild scream of poor Mr. Wilson's about the new Government and the "corrupt extravagance of living," which is a sore affliction to this, the honest Scotch editor. We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

The following prospectus has reached us—

BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GIFT GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is being offered to the public through the Explorers' Syndicate, and the prospectus contains a good deal of information as to the reefs, developments, and prospects of the undertaking. It is situated five miles from the town of Coolgardie, and about half-way to the Londonderry, on the direct road. The Australian vendors are taking practically all their payment in shares, the capital is moderate, and we know that Professor Nicholas has written to his private friends in this country, saying the mine is the best on the Coolgardie field.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch*, Office, 193, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. W.—The market speaks very well of the shares you name, although nobody seems to know about the capital or other details, and none of the Stock Exchange books give any information. We spoke to several big Kaffir jobbers about the shares, and all we can hear is that they expect it will turn out a second Rand. We hear very good accounts of Rand Explorations, and we are ourselves holders of Chartered shares for a rise.

R. C. S.—Thank you for your letter and enclosure. We have written to you, and hope, before you get this copy of our paper, you will have received our letter.

SIGMA.—Why do you say you are a constant reader, and then ask questions which were dealt with in our "Notes" only a fortnight ago? We really do not know if the Huara line is progressing, but the issue here seems to hang fire, and common report says that underwriters are fighting shy of it.

O. P. S.—(1) See the trusts which we suggest this week; probably a thousand in each of the three would suit you. (2) We cannot get an offer of any of the stock for you, and we hear that there are several buyers and no sellers about. (3) See answer to "J. S. W."

EMPEROR.—(1) We should not hold Consols if we had any, but they may go higher. (2) If you sell, buy some good American railway bonds, such as Manhattan Consolidated Mortgage, Illinois Central 4 per cent. bonds, or Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, &c., Consolidated Mortgage Series A 4½ bonds, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Railway.

WEST AUSTRALIA.—If you get an allotment of Wealth of Nations, stick to them for a bit. Kinsella are, we believe, good. Great Fingalls we hear are going better. It is useless for us to go into details about Burbank's, as we are noticing the prospectus. Take no notice of the puffs you see in various papers, of which the cuttings you send are samples, under the guise of editorials. They are mostly paid for, and a mere form of advertising, degrading to both the owners of the shares which are to be sold and the papers which receive the bribe.

N. B.—We cannot answer your question, which is a pure matter of law; but we doubt if you will find it pay to embark on an expensive suit for so small a sum, whatever your solicitor may advise about the chance of success.